SUMMERSNOW

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EDITORIALS

REALMS OF POSSIBILITY

I dwell in Possibility--
A fairer House than Prose--
More numerous of Windows--
Superior-- for Doors--

Of Chambers as the Cedars--
Impregnable of Eye--
And for an Everlasting Roof
The Gambrels of the Sky--

Of Visitors-- the fairest--
For Occupation-- This
The spreading wide my narrow Hands
To gather Paradise--

Emily Dickinson

Without knowing or intending to do so, Emily Dickinson expressed an essential philosophy of Buck's Rock when she wrote this poem. It describes the infinite possibility and the ability of man to do almost anything, and all the advantages which spring from this fact. Man can do the impossible. This is the quintessence of our yearbook and the maxim by which we often live. It expresses the core of any creative endeavor.

Since the beginning of time, man has been achieving the impossible. This miraculous fact occurs solely because man has the ability to dwell in possibility. Many impossible things have been accomplished in the history of mankind due to the persistance and perseverance of man. We do not live in the straight-forward black and white Prose, but rather in the colorful, alive Possibility. Many times at this camp, impossible things are taken on by campers-- and they are completed.

One of the greatest pieces of modern children's literature is THE PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH, by Norton Juster. In this book, the young boy, Milo, sets out to rescue the princesses of sweet rhyme and true reason. He is told by every-

one that there is one obstacle in his way, but that he will not discover its nature until he returns. When Milo returns triumphantly, he asks what the problem with his task was. "It was impossible, my boy! Absolutely impossible!" Milo , is astonished, but as no one had previously told him that the task was impossible, he accomplished it. He dwelled in the magnificent realm of Possibility.

The most essential facet of possibility is that it is indeed "More numerous of Windows--/Superior-- for Doors--" From Possibility, one can see anything. Creativity springs forth; the real and the surreal seem equally true. And, having seen anything from Possibility, one may push open the doors to do anything.

Possibility is infinite. It continues in every direction, as far as the cedars, as high as the sky. It receives the fairest visitors. The best people flow to possibility: the creative and imaginative. The poet and the artist both come to possibility.

The production of a yearbook of this size and dimension was impossible, given a time of only two weeks. We, the editors, had a vague suspicion that this was so. However, we lacked the true understanding of the utter impossibility of the situation, which would have prevented our ever undertaking it. Thus we have "spread wide our narrow hands and gathered paradise." We have here the culmination and manifestation of our possibility. Now, we lay it before you, and ask that you love and see the impossible, forever.

Andrew W. Solomon

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Why Summersnow? The natural response when we first presented our title was that it was an oxymoron: an impossible juxtaposition of two possible ideas. "How could there be snow in summer? Absurd!" people said. We all saw our title as being representative of the contradictions that surround us every day. But there is also a hidden contradiction, and that is the fact that snow in summer isn't impossible after all. In places such as Innsbruck, it is perfectly normal to have snow in the middle of August. And it may be ninety degrees in downtown Denver, but, if one looks up, the mountains are capped with snow. We realized that our title is also contradictory because summer and snow are usually thought to be mutually exclusive, but in reality they are not.

When we were considering Summersnow as a title, we initially thought of snow, and how each flake is an individual, and perfect unto itself. But many flakes form one large blanket of snow as beautiful as the individual flakes themselves. We added the word summer to snow to show how this relates to the summer, and to camp. Each person in camp, like each snowflake, has his own talents and skills. At the same time, Buck's Rock as a whole is as successful as it is partially because of the people. We have such a mix here so as to allow the individual and the camp as a whole to benefit each other--a kind of mutualism.

This process of discovery, in which we slowly begin to see the hidden, inner significance in our title, also has

a special meaning for all of us. In many ways, it is indicative of the Buck's Rock philosophy, that of experimentation and discovery. Living in a community such as we live in here in our little fold-up world, and working with people at the pace that we do teaches us about the kind of people that we are, and how we relate to the world around us. We also have the unique opportunity to experiment in various fields, to find the one best suited to us, and to continue in it.

All things, including yearbook titles, have many different levels of meaning. The more obvious levels are plain to see. It is clear to anyone that our title, on the surface, means snow in summer, whether it is possible or not. It is only when one starts to think more intently that all the hidden meanings emerge, the contradictions and ambiguity.

This summer also had many levels of meaning. Here we have had experiences, both good and bad, that will influence us throughout our lives. We form friendships that will last, and some that won't, but the experiences themselves will live as long as we do. This camp has the ability to change people. Perhaps, these changes will manifest themselves immediately, or perhaps, it will take years before some people realize that they have been affected. Continuation is a vital part of our experience. Hopefully, the people who are lucky enough to have spent a summer here will benefit from their experiences. And, hopefully, they will have learned to look deeper into things in the future, and get from them as much meaning as possible. That is the real function of Buck's Rock, and, to some extent, this yearbook.

Daniel Grossman

WORKING

At summer's end, I think about summer's past, summer's now, and summer's future. Each summer is a continuation of the next and a reflection of the past.

I would have liked to have been at this camp at its beginnings, when it was more communally oriented. Working together produces a different feeling of accomplishment than working alone. Many people working on one project produce a diversity of attitudes and tastes. Of course there are many more complications to working as a group. No one person is solely responsible, work goes slower as there are more opinions to consider and conflicts can result. Finishing the yearbook at 3 a.m. teaches me the importance of unity in a group effort.

Camp has changed a great deal since 1943, when it was largely a farming community. The change has augmented new shops and a more diverse philosophy. The movement towards a "creative" work camp has lost some of the original cooperative ideals upon which the camp was founded. The stimulus to work together during the War was, in part, society's patriotic "pitch in" values at the time. A by-product of the cooperative farm work was food and money sent to war-ravaged countries.

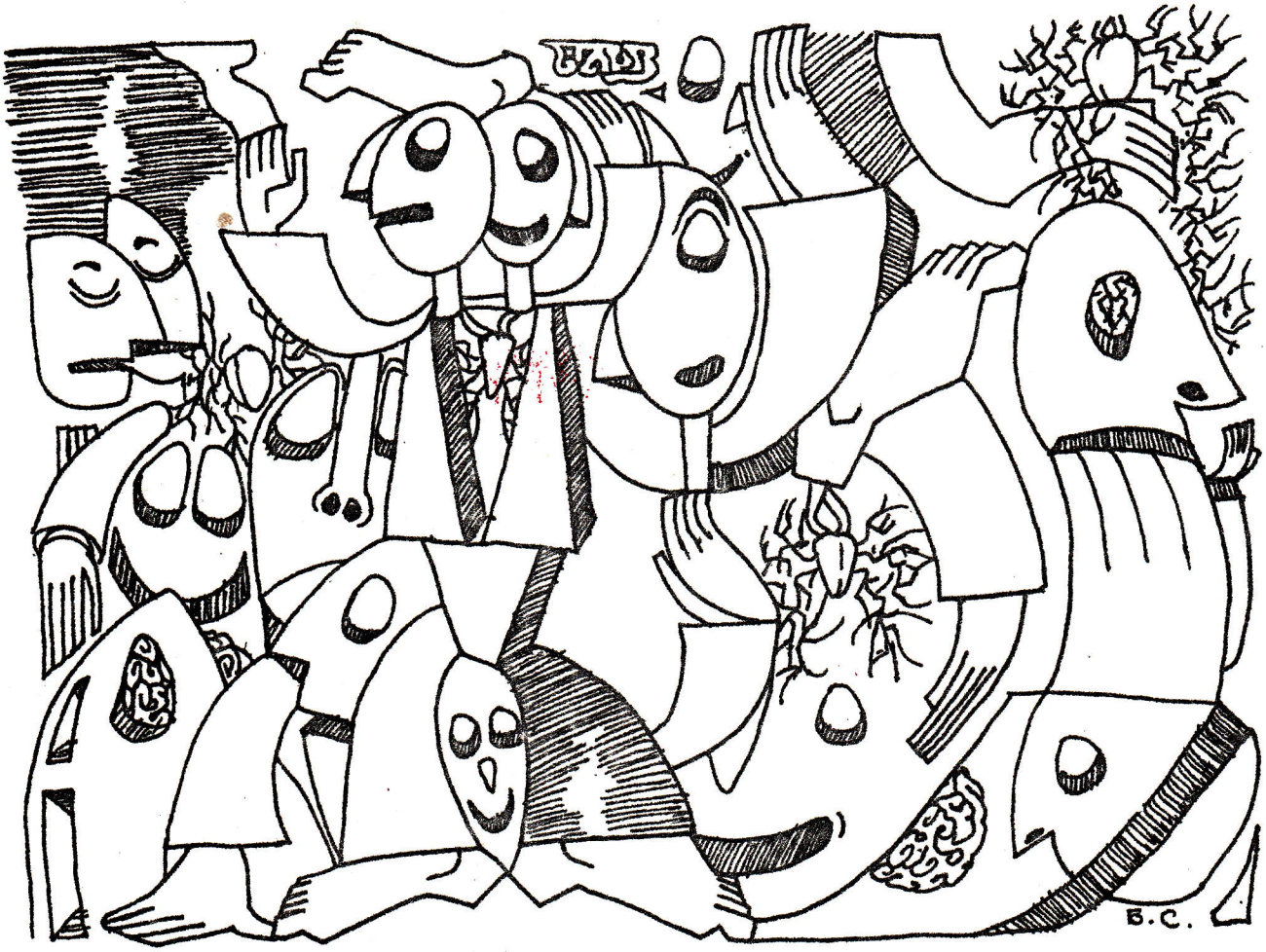
I feel that now Buck's Rock is a more divided community. In the summer theater and publications shop, individual efforts culminate in a communal endeavor. This is in distinct contrast to most other shops where a person works alone. If people had to work on the farm or in the kitchen

a few hours a week we might reinstate these cooperative ideals and, at the same time, make the camp more self-sufficient. Working on a group project might put an end to the commission summer, where campers feel they have to make a shawl for Mom, a belt for Dad, and.... I have heard campers complain because they felt they hadn't utilized their time well. It turned out they had participated in activities, but a lack of tangible products upset them terribly. Some parents pressure their kids to "create", to "use the shops". And, the tuition costs make some campers anxious to justify the expense.

The future of Buck's Rock depends upon remembering the past. Unless we have a common goal, we may lose the reality of our ideals. We no longer have the national stimulus to work towards one end, but the need is there and the incentive should come from ourselves. The ideals that created this camp are not impervious to time, but time cannot improve upon them. The hardest struggle will be to keep the camp the same. Although Buck's Rock is separate from society's fluctuations, in one sense it is dependent on them. It is the social attitudes of the campers that in great part determine the direction of the camp. If, in order to preserve the ideals of the camp, we have to order people to work, then we are being hypocritical and impinging upon people's freedom. It seems a push for a stronger community is beyond the pressuring of rules.

Buck's Rock provides the opportunity for group work, but it cannot foster a sense of community by coercive rules. Buck's Rock must be kept in the neutral state of opportunity to keep its freedoms and options open so that it can mold itself to the changing attitudes of the people who come here.

Rachel Eisler



ACCOMPLISHMENTS

When I first came to Buck's Rock this summer, I had many fantasies of accomplishing a great deal materially. However, as the camp season comes to a close, I realize that although I have not participated in many of the activities I would have liked to, I have not wasted my summer at Buck's Rock.

Most of my friends continually return to the bunk with batiked shirts, macrame, and other finished projects. They are constantly running off to fencing, tennis, and riding lessons, and rushing to finish projects to show to their parents.

I have not completed many large-scale projects this summer, but still have accomplished much. I have gained self-confidence and have proven to myself and to others that I can have a good summer at a sleep-away camp. This one has been the best one in my life. Thank you, Buck's Rock.

Nina Leyton

DAISY

A placid fragment of simplicity
Lacking feelings of meaning and importance.
Forlorn child prepares to pick.
His corpulent body aches with amazement.
To the boy, the daisy is golden;
to the flower, the adoration is embracing.
The feelings of tranquility and
the newness of discovery melt together
in a joined search of importance.

Joanna Colbert

August, 1978

Dear Sirs:

I, as a Buck's Rock Work Camp Counselor-In-Training, am appalled. I have made numerous attempts throughout the summer to involve myself in activities at the Publications Shop, and in all cases I have been discouraged. The only stage of the publication process in which I have been welcomed, is collation. In a creative work camp such as Buck's Rock, this situation should not arise!

From the very beginning of the summer, my literary endeavors have been rejected. My first opus was a beautiful and subtle work, showing the contrast between life in the jungle and life in the open fields. The poem began with an example of the carefree life led by bunnies in their meadow. The scene was swiftly changed to the cool jungle, where gorillas swung from tree to tree. At its conclusion, the poem's two elements were brilliantly brought together, when one gorilla freed itself from the jungle by swinging into the rabbits' meadow. The final fusion of the two worlds was reached, when the gorilla landed on one rabbit, crushing the poor bunny.

This poem has many subtle messages, none of which were appreciated by the Pub Shop staff. For example, did one counselor praise my comment on man's desire to free himself from routine life? No!! Not a single bit of exaltation did I receive! Furthermore, nobody mentioned my brilliant analogy to Hitler's Germany. In a supposedly insightful shop, I

expect, nay, I demand more than this. And then,...THEN,... THEN, I received the ultimate insult. My poem was rejected!

My career at the Pub Shop continued in the same manner, until one of my works was finally published. It was called "Endymion's Pie." You may remember it as the highlight of the Lampoon. I feel, however, that my poem was published only because I wrote it in tandem with Rachel Eisler, a Pub Shop "pet." My most recent slight by the Pub Shop occurred when I was refused the opportunity to edit the yearbook. I still don't believe it! My resume was both pleasing to the eye and sound in reasoning. It was written in green crayon upon a sea of orange scrap paper. Even as I wrote, I was forced to stop and look at the physical beauty of what I was producing.

Now, I come to the one act that compelled me to write this letter. (The straw that broke the camel's back, so to speak.) My resume, that beautiful creation, was lifted bodily and THROWN INTO THE GARBAGE by one of the literary counselors. I was shocked, mortified, repulsed! To this day, it disgusts me to think about it.

The incidents which I have described all point to one fact: The Pub Shop has quelched a creative genius! Such action is inexcusable. I hope that by writing this letter I can prevent another such occurrence.

Yours disgustedly,

Paul Isaacs

P.S. Here is an example of my literary talents. Read it and behold what a horrible thing you have done by leaving my works unpublished!

Summer came.
We all sucked eggs and
laughed at the gazpacho
made without tomatoes.
Then we went home
and put our toads to
bed.

SELTZER

I stand at my window,
looking through squashed bugs
to the city below.

There are no people.
Only crucifix antennas
bending away from their stands.

Brick chimneys
throwing up backwards:
black falls up to a cloud.

The telephone rings
and squirms on its hook;
a small child in the back seat of a car
going to the dentist.

A siren screams,
like a man being shot,
fading as the ambulance lies
down the street.

The seltzer on the table, now stale water.

Daniel Grossman

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA

While I was taking my piano lesson in the practice shed, Mattie came by to talk to Howard about the opera. She asked him how she could get people interested in the chorus. Innocent me was just sitting there, trying to play a piece by Diabelli that Howard had given me. When I looked up, all eyes were on me.

"Would you like to be in the opera?" Mattie said. I quickly told her that I couldn't sing, but she wouldn't give up that easily. She asked me to sing a tenor scale. Embarrassed as I was, I did, and she told me to be at tomorrow's rehearsal.

"Wait!" I called out, but she was gone. With all the things I had to do, I figured I would be sorry I had said yes.

In my previous three years here, I had no experience working with the music department. Therefore, I knew nothing about being in an opera, working with an orchestra, or, most importantly, singing. I had to learn quickly. First came singing. "Rachel, you don't put your feet up on the chair while you're singing," Mattie said.

"I'm tired," I replied.

"I don't care, stand up straight!"

"How's this?"

"You're slouching! Now stand up straight and sing!"

Well, we went through about a week and a half of pounding rehearsals, as Mattie liked to call them. During this time, Mattie decided I wasn't a tenor, and I should sing alto. We had to know this music so well that we could

do it in our sleep. It sure went through my head. But I don't understand why, when somebody asked me a question and I replied, "Something is wrong with Bastienna, surely," they looked at me funny.

Next came costumes. "Wow! This is a really nice costume," I said.

"Wait! You have to put on the bustle," said Caroline.

"Oh, just what I needed. Twenty pounds added to my backside." Oh boy, am I sorry I said 'yes', I thought to myself.

Now it was time to work with Raffi and the orchestra. Oui! What an experience! "Don't be nervous, you've worked with me for a week and a half. You have it down pat. Just remember the tempo of the piano." So why was Raffi yelling at us? Because Raffi wasn't going at the same tempo Mattie was.

"You have to look at the conductor," Raffi said.

"Sing to the audience," Mattie said.

"Talk to each other," Ed, our theatrical director said.

"Help! I need triplicates of myself!" Why did I ever say "yes," I said to myself.

The next rehearsal was the dress rehearsal. My first real chance to do an opera -- with mascara in my eyes. The rehearsal ended at one o'clock in the morning, and by then, I could have done without the experience and could have gone for a little sleep.

At last, the night of the performance arrived. The set was ready and beautiful. Everything was set up in formal opera style; reserved seats, tickets, ushers, and an orchestra pit. How exciting! Were those Buck's Rockers coming through the door? They were all dressed formally, no one was pushing or shoving. Everybody was clean.

It was time to start. First, the orchestra played Haydn's 49th Symphony. As I sat there waiting to go on, I wondered if it was worth it. Before I could answer my own question, it was time to begin. It went very well, and seemed to pass in five minutes.

After it was all over, we had a beautiful cake made by the baker. It was decorated with these words, "For Our Most Elegant Evening," and was followed by a line from the score of the opera, "Joyful, Joyful, Praise this Wondrous Magic." It was all over, and I had the answer to the question I had asked myself before I went on.

"Mattie, I'm glad I said 'Yes'."

Rachel Baron

HASID ON THE BUS

Reckoning with your hands.
Blue veined, shaky.

Characters that move the air
Working up, down.
Patting your black knees.

The hands, praying like a mouth.

Rachel Eisler

DANCING FOR ABBY

1, 2, 3, 4, Bang! It's my cue. I prance on to the stage. The counts I have heard and know so well tell me it's my turn to show the purpose of all those long, hard weeks of practicing. Dance Night is no longer just a thought.

I am one of six to end the dance. The applause is deafening, and we know we did well. All the confidence in the steps we had danced, would never have been there without Abby.

Abigail Pogrebin, director and choreographer of the dance, "Rainbow," has an outstanding method of teaching a dance. She came to our first rehearsal with a neat copy of notes and many ideas. Although the dance was fully choreographed before camp, she did add and change certain steps in early rehearsals. Abby would show us a move, and we could offer suggestions. If Abby liked an idea, she used it.

Abby was the first choreographer and director with whom I worked, and she made a deep impression on me. She was well-organized and very prompt. She gave each dancer a color and number. If she said, "purple and light blue, hold hands and run off stage," we would know to whom Abby was referring right away.

Abby was constantly telling us to have a good time with the dance. "Rainbow" was what choreographers call a fun dance, which means it has happy, jumpy music and a light, joyous air. However, rehearsals were far from being all fun. There were times when a few dancers would lose their concentration. They were tired or in a silly mood. This made it extremely difficult to learn some of the steps. On

occasion, Abby understood our feelings of restlessness, as she knew how monotonous rehearsals could be. She reacted firmly, but sympathetically as well. Other times, the more restless we were, the more agitated she became. These rehearsals usually ended with one of us being very hurt or even crying, because Abby, in her own anxiety, had snapped at the person. Fortunately, these rehearsals were few, and enjoyable ones were more usual.

Abby taught a dance very efficiently. As soon as we learned a certain number of steps and had memorized them fairly well, Abby counted out loud. We continued this until we had memorized the counts. We moved on, when she thought it was good enough. Most of the time, Abby worked with the dancers as a group. She worked with an individual, only if that person was having difficulty with a step or a series of steps.

The Bluegrass music was very catchy, and I found it hard not to smile while dancing to it. We discovered that we had to stop more often when rehearsing to the music, because it went much faster than the count. Abby said that we had to be counting constantly in order to come in at the right time.

Dancing for Abby was a very tiring and challenging, yet happy and exciting experience. Now I know what it is like to work with a person who is respected for her direction, choreography, and wonderful personality. I hope to emulate her.

Pam Koffler

DON'T DRINK THE WATER

On the evening of Friday, August 11, the CITs presented their play, Don't Drink the Water by Woody Allen. I have seen three years of plays at Buck's Rock and believe this was the best.

The play concerns three American tourists trapped in an American embassy somewhere behind the iron curtain. They are the perfect middle class American tourists, complete with Hawaiian print shirts and shopping bags, something that Duane Hanson might have sculpted. They are thrown in with a crew comprised of Axel Magee (Jeff Remson), son of a famous diplomat (Paul Isaacs), who barely has a moment's peace between "major international blunders;" Ms. Kilroy (Cathy Brown), efficient secretary who can run things better than the ambassador's son; the Sultan of Bashir and his wife, who, between mass executions of innocent workers spend their time partying with the "jet set" (personified by Matt Olshan and Robin Dorfman) and drowning in bourbon. Then there is the lovable Father Drobney (excellently portrayed by Tony Wolf). He has been hiding in the embassy for six years, mostly perfecting his card tricks, which he is always willing to show.

The play was directed by Wayne Cotton and Ruth Sergel, who had the insight to emphasize the slapstick comedy, yet preserve Woody Allen's deeper meanings. The cast was able to express the ignorant, self-centered buffoonery of the characters, without falling into the trap of overacting. Ted Altschuler, who played Walter Hollander, a Newark caterer with a hernia accused of spying on the communists, truly captured the essence of his role, the "small man" in a position of international gravity, and managing to get his 2¢ in. Helaine Ettinger, who played his wife Marion, and all the other members of the cast, had me in constant fits of

hysterical laughter.

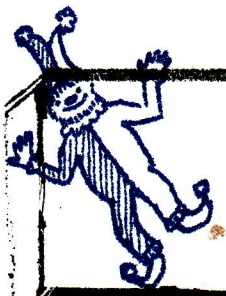
All in all, this was a delightful comedy, and wonderful escape for the mind. Thank you CITs.

Daniel Grossman

THE C.I.T.S OF BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP PRESENT

DON'T DRINK THE WATER

COMEDY BY WOODY ALLEN



TWELFTH NIGHT AT STRATFORD

On July 19, about a hundred Buck's Rockers piled into buses and went to Stratford to see Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. We arrived at the theatre about five minutes before the play began, and barely had time to find our seats before the curtain rose. We were treated to a musical prelude of songs written especially for this performance.

The play is a comedy, with a fantastic plot that involves a girl masking as a boy. As many other Shakespearean plays, the main theme is romance. Many characters were amusing because of their absurd gestures and unrealistic predicaments. These caricatures were Shakespeare's humorous intent. One of the most exaggerated personalities was Malvolio, steward to the Countess Olivia. Trying to win Olivia's affections, he was thought insane because of his foolish actions, and was sent to prison. Olivia, herself, was quite humorous in her affectations of sorrow and love. Orsino, the Duke, was so blinded by his passion for Olivia that he seemed oblivious to her indifference; thus he was seen as another fool. My favorite character was the only acknowledged fool, Feste, who was able to manipulate himself out of sticky situations.

Some people say that Shakespeare's plays are spoiled if the acting is hammed up. I disagree. Because many characters in Twelfth Night overacted their parts, I could not stop laughing.

After the performance, we talked to some of the cast members,

including Lynn Redgrave. She has had a long and varied acting career, appearing in film, stage, and television. In this production she portrayed Viola, the heroine who disguises herself as a boy to stay unnoticed at the Duke's court. We asked Miss Redgrave how she felt about playing a boy. She answered, "I wasn't really playing a boy, I was playing a feminine gril disguised as a boy."

Directly across from the theatre is a large field scattered with picnic tables. There we ate our dinner and watched the sun set on a most enjoyable day.

Cindy Mann

ROY BOOKBINDER PLAYS HIS NAME

Roy Bookbinder, a former counselor here, and a traveling ragtime guitarist, spent several days at Buck's Rock this summer. I saw him returning to his trailer early one evening, and decided to go up and ask if he wouldn't mind my coming along. He didn't seem to, so I began to walk with him. Now was the chance to satisfy my curiosity.

Roy makes his living performing in places all over the world, especially along the east coast and in England, doing early Black American Blues songs from the twenties and thirties. The feeling of excitement grew as I realized how much I respected Roy. Shortly after we reached the trailer, he showed me inside. I was very impressed with the whole set-up. There was a small, but convenient, bedroom, as well as a sitting room for a small gathering of friends. As I was studying the trailer, I tried to bring up some questions based on what kind of music Roy liked listening to as well as playing. After a while, when he saw that I was really interested in him, he became overjoyed and was very determined to inform me about everything I wanted to know. He began searching for his cassette tapes so that he could play some of the music he enjoyed.

"Here," he said. "Listen to this!"

"What is it?" I asked him excitedly.

"This is what you call ZYDICO music!"

"Huh?" I said in confusion. "What on earth is ZYDI... I mean, y'know."

"ZYDICO music is what you mean. Y'see, the French,

who settled in Louisiana, developed a blues kind of music that's played with an electric guitar, a drumset, a washboard, and an accordian. It's really rhythmical. Good stuff to get into."

After playing several ZYDICO selections on his cassette deck, Roy decided to play some of his early Black American blues recordings from the 1920's and 30's. I was introduced to such artists as Robert Johnson, Blind Willie Mctell, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Reverend Gary Davis, Joe Venuti, and a dozen more. I was especially impressed with Robert Johnson's stuff. It nearly wiped me out.

"Umm...Roy?" I said.

"Neal?" Roy replied.

"Do you listen to any sort of rock music?" I inquired.

"I don't listen to much of that stuff, although I do listen to the music that came out of the 50's. I'm real crazy about all those cats like Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis, Elvis, Buddy Holly...the list goes on and on." Then he stopped for a second and said to me, "You know all that blues stuff you were listening to?"

"Yeah."

"Well, a lot of those guys had a strong influence on the rock'n roll musicians who came out of the 50's and the 60's," Roy explained. "Carl Perkins, who was a real heavy dude during the 50's took an old Blind Lemon Jefferson song called "Match Box Blues." Carl just called it "Match Box" and claimed he wrote it, so Blind Lemon never got the credits. Real Dumb."

After several more minutes of talking, Roy began to dig into his box of cassettes again, and he took out some

Elvis, Little Richard, and Ray Charles. A very funny thing happened, though, when he took out his Elvis tape. The only tape Roy had or liked of Elvis was The Sun Sessions. The Sun Sessions was an album that contained the recordings Elvis made for Sun Records before he made it big. Many people claim these songs to be the finest material Elvis ever recorded, or at least Roy considers them to be. Any way, I was also quite impressed with the Elvis recordings.

"Isn't he heavy!" Roy exclaimed. "Here's some of Little Richard's stuff. Listen to this!"

Finally, to end it all, Roy put on some of Ray Charles's biggest hits. I imagined myself standing in a totally empty room with Roy Bookbinder looking down at the floor. I saw hundreds of different pages from a book, scattered all over the floor, some all yellowed and faded, others almost like new. Each page revealed information about a Black American blues artist from the 20's and 30's and a rock 'n' roll singer from the 50's. I was suddenly confused and I turned to Roy, who looked as sincere and as confident as ever. Just then, Roy bent down, gathered all the pages together, put them in chronological order, put a bookbinder on them, and gave them to me. "Roy Bookbinder plays his name."

Neal Goodman

TRUTH OR DARE

They've caught on to my game.
Was the lying worth all
the discussing and arguing
my parents are planning?
It wasn't.

How could I have maimed the trust?
I'm crying a lot--
they'll never believe me again.
I'm walking aimlessly--
a chance to feel sorry
for myself. No one else can,
not knowing the feeling inside.

A chance to think of approaches.
Persistent denials?
I didn't do it.
Forceful opinions?
I'm right.
I have hopes, unrealistic at the moment,
that the web unravels by itself.
I've been eating a comforting cliche:
one day I'll look back on this, and laugh.

The truth.

Marion Brody

A UNIQUE MUSICAL EXPERIENCE

Going to Tanglewood is not the same as going to hear a concert in a city concert hall. Nathaniel Hawthorne's old estate is a beautiful one, and the music is projected so that it can be heard from any area. The lawn is a large and beautiful expanse, where one may lie down and enjoy the music without a formal feeling. The music is audible as one sits and admires the view over the mountains and the lake or while one wanders in covered arbours or old gardens. At one end of the grounds, a series of beautiful pools are set in the middle of bushes and one may lie here, isolated, seeing the small area and the rose trellises beyond. The function of Tanglewood is not simply to hear a hear a wonderful performance of a piece of music; it is to experience a piece of music, played beautifully, in a unique and wonderful setting. Sitting on the lawn, one may be a part of the music or not, as one chooses. One may walk until the music is faint in the distance, or may stay by the railing, able to see the performers and hear the music with alarming clarity.

One of the most wonderful events of the summer was the Buck's Rock trip to Tanglewood. We heard three pieces, all by Mozart: the Twenty-Eighth Symphony, Piano Concerto Number Nineteen in F major, and the Jupiter Symphony. The conductor was Neville Mariner, who gave the pieces their own life. Alicia De Larrocha played the piano concerto, truly interpreting and shaping the music. She played the Allegro assai with particular beauty. The Jupiter Symphony was masterful and dominating.

Mozart's Twenty-Eighth Symphony was written early in 1774. This was a winter which was superlative in terms of Mozart's creative genius. The Symphony is a highly energetic,

joyous composition. It was written just after the one in G minor, and just before the one in A major. These three symphonies, frequently viewed together, but actually quite separate and quite specific, are among Mozart's greatest.

The second piece in the program was the Nineteenth Piano Concerto in F major. It was written in 1784, another prolific year in Mozart's musical history. In it, he produced six piano concertos, of which this was the last. Each of the six is diffrent, and each has its own spirit and feeling. The F major Concerto accentuates the woodwinds, giving a distinct feeling of serenity to the piece. There is a building of the movements towards a climax, as each one builds upon the the previous, gaining emotion and expression. The finale includes every feeling of wild, manic joy imaginable, making it one of the most vibrant sections that Mozart ever wrote. In 1784, when he wrote the concertos, he was proud to boast that he had a greater number of subscribers to his concerts than had any contemporary of his. He stated that his performances were always "filled to overflowing".

Perhaps the greatest of all Mozart's symphonies is the Jupiter. This was written in the year 1788, a year in which Mozart was absolutely penniless. There is no written record of its reception by the public, and it cannot have been good. There is however, record of a visit by the noted English publisher Vincent Novello in 1829. Novello wrote in his diary "Mozart's son said he considered the finale to his father's simphonia in C (the Jupiter) to be the highest triumph of Instrumental Composition, and I agree with him." Of course, Mozart had been dead for 38 years at this time. It may be that Mozart's son spoke true. The finale to the Jupiter is one of the greatest pieces ever written.

Andrew W. Solomon

ELIZABETHAN DANCERS

WANTED: One partner, who doesn't mind waking up for 8:30 A.M. rehearsals, waltzing, and, if male, wearing tights in front of an audience.

Do you qualify? If so you were probably one of the eleven Elizabethan dancers. Rehearsals are avoidable--just get another excuse (some of the ones that work are: "I forgot", "I don't wake up in the mornings", "I have a date with Fred"). Many rehearsals are cancelled, but those that do take place are interesting.

Can you waltz? It doesn't really matter. Someone will push you through. You'll learn to promenade with dignity, bow (or curtsey) à la Elizabethan Era, and dance with Fred (actually just an empty space).

Other joys include: costumes, waking up early for rehearsals that are cancelled because people don't show up, keeping a straight face while dancing, and being paged five times a morning.

When you've finished and are ready to perform, don't forget your steps, and DON'T LAUGH! If a girl, you might be asked to take a man's part.

You may be wondering about the dances. One is a square dance,

complete with promenades, and honoring your partners and corners. The other is a circle waltz, complete with guys stepping on girls' feet.

Your costume will look like a shower curtain, and asian monk's robe, or a 1950s prom dress(white lace and all).

All in all, you should have fun. Any takers, come back next year?

Laura Pearle

STRIDERS '78

"Hey, don't get in the way of the runners."

"There's somebody in a bright yellow shirt; is it a Strider?"

"It's Danny! Somebody give him some water."

It was 2:00 p.m. on July 2[illegible]th, and the scene was the end of Buck's Rock Road. The New Milford Eight, an annual running race, was in its 6th mile. A generous number of campers waited restlessly at the end of the road, armed with ice water and orange slices.

The Buck's Rock Team this year consisted of nine runners. The youngest of these runners was Jonathan Brand, aged thirteen. Jonathan did not decide to run until the very last minute. His only training was to run a mile each day before the race. However, Jonathan finished the race, all eight miles, with a look of sheer joy on his face.

Not all of the runners were as happy with their progress as was Jonathan. Some, like co-captain Steve Noskin, felt that they could have done better.

"I was very disappointed in the way I did in the race." Steve said sadly. "The weather was very hot and I don't think that I was prepared for the heat."

Indeed, the 95 degree weather did cause a lot of the runners to drop out, but none from the Buck's Rock team.

Mitch Schear, captain of the striders, has a very different attitude from Steve's about the race.

"On a day like that, I was just happy to finish. I decided to run the race, for the team, in a noncompetitive way. If not for the team, I wouldn't have even run."

There is a lot of team spirit and camp support for the

Striders.

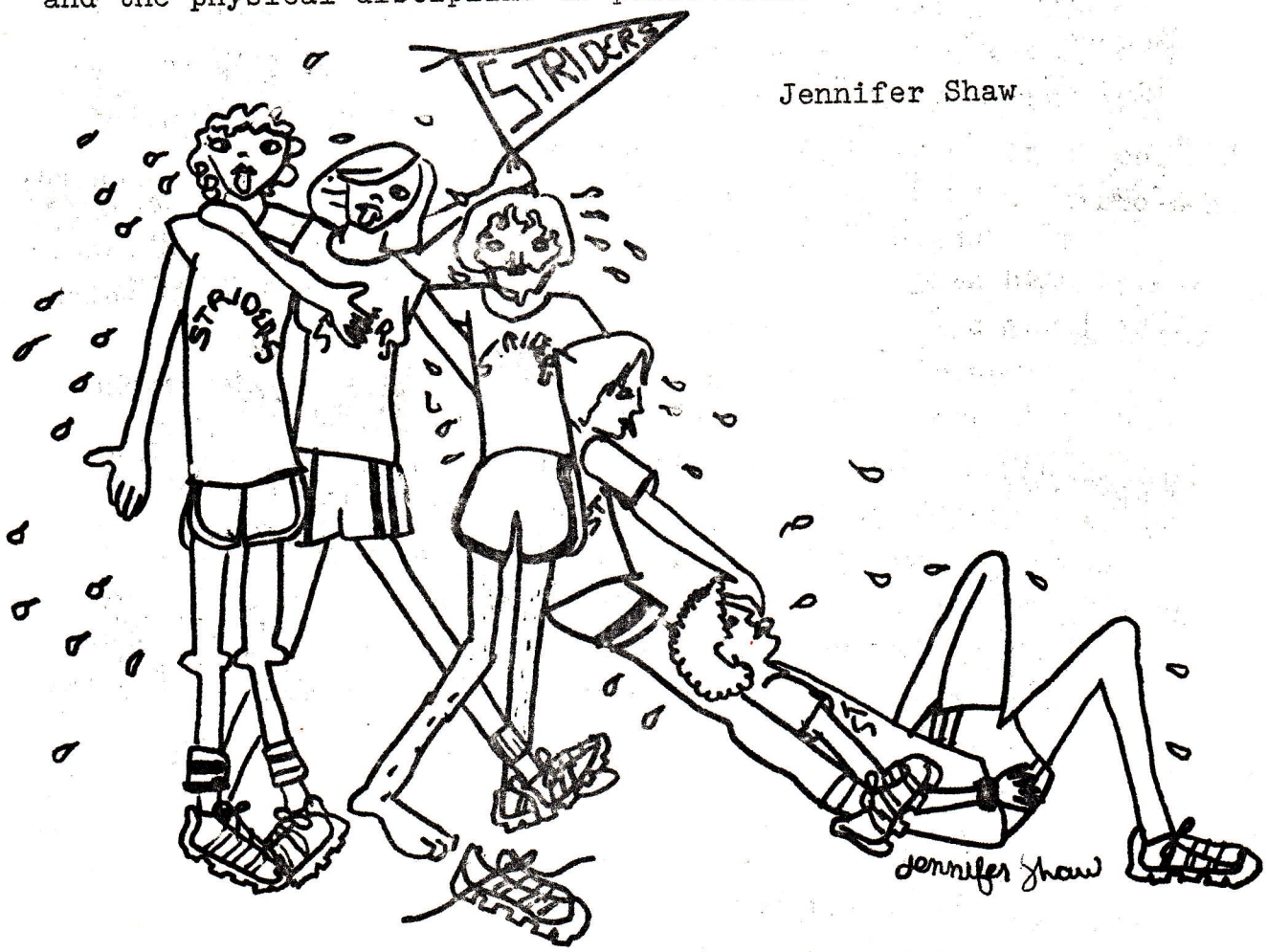
"When I see the people from Buck's Rock at the end of the road," says Mitch, "it is almost as if I have just finished the race. There are two miles left to go, and I just feel that if I can make it to this point, I can finish the race."

This year, a female strider successfully completed the race, a first in Buck's Rock history.

"I didn't even think about the fact that I was the only girl," says Brenda. "I just knew that I wanted to run. I don't think that I had to work any harder than any of the other runners."

The Buck's Rock Striders, as a team, finished fifth in the race. This is very impressive since the emphasis in Buck's Rock seems to be on the pursuit of creativity and the conditioning of the mind; however, there are also very important aspects to creativity which are the team spirit and the physical discipline of perseverance.

Jennifer Shaw



SWEATY NIGHT

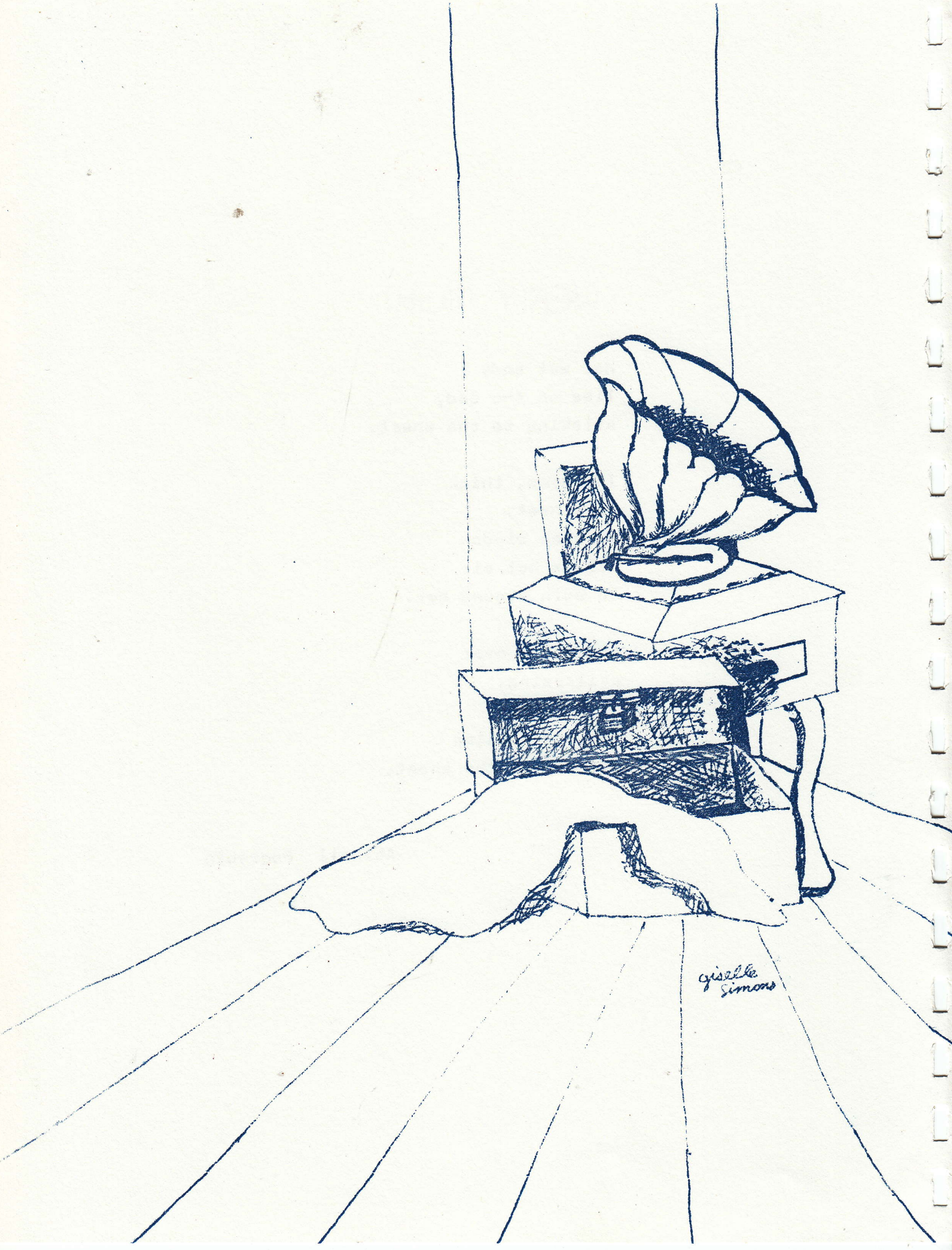
Her wet body
lies on the bed,
sticking to the sheet.

The room, thick
with heat,
an open window
allows hot air
to burn around her.

She rolls over
collapsing,

a piece of limp
seaweed on the sheet.

Abigail Pogrebin


giselle
simons

WIDOWED

Love jolts
The back of my mind.
Incense smoke
Fragile, articulate, slowly rises
And clouds above me.
The warm aroma
Creeps to sensitive areas of my nose;
My eyes following its vagrant grace.

I hear broken paragraphs outside.
Phrases play, lingering
In mystical sunlight.
Lace and ruffled calico
Cushion me. A mirage crawls
Up the small of my back.

The surrounding walls constructed
Of faded Streisand photographs.
The antique victrola, miming silent verses
Echoing off the sides.
Nonsense poems tiptoe
Past the corridors within me;
Some orphaned words remain.

The victrola record ends.
The glorious rays slip
Into stark, black evening attire.
The aroma of mellow rose
Had long since whispered away.

Tanya Dietz

WINNIE & THE PEDAL

Winnie Winston, a former Buck's Rocker, came back to camp this summer along with Rick and Lorraine Lee to give concerts and do a series of workshops on their music. Winnie plays the pedal steel guitar and has just finished cutting a record for Philo, which should be out later this year. Winnie got his introduction to this kind of music right here at Buck's Rock in the mid 1950's and I was fortunate enough to get him to come to WBBC and do an interview with me.

Daniel: Winnie, you play an unusual instrument. Will you tell us about it?
Winnie: Well, the pedal steel is unusual only to those people who have never heard it before. To about 16,000 people in this country, there is nothing unusual about it. In Texas and the South it is not unusual. It is used primarily in Country and Western music and every band has one. To people who grew up in the northeast corridor however, it might be unusual.
Daniel: Where did you grow up?
Winnie: In the northeast corridor!
Daniel: So where were you introduced to this kind of music?
Winnie: Well, I started playing banjo after hearing someone here play. I had never heard anything like it before, and knew that I wanted to play it.When I went back to New York, I bought a banjo and began teaching myself to play. Then I went to a banjo concert, and heard all that "terrible" Country and Western music being played. I hated it, but decided that I had better learn to like it since that was the instrument I wanted to play.
Daniel: Do you play professionally now?

Winnie: Sort of. My full time job is as an assistant professor at Philadelphia College. I teach industrial design. The nice thing about my job is that I have one month in the winter and two months in the summer free to play music.

Daniel: So you are both a musician and a teacher?

Winnie: Oh, yes. You see, I make very little money playing the pedal steel, but I make enough money teaching to allow me to play music and not worry about the financial aspects.

Daniel: Do you care about not making much money playing?

Winnie: Definitely not. My goal is not to have my name in lights and millions of dollars rolling in, but to have fun playing music.

Daniel: How do you play? With a band or alone?

Winnie: That's the problem. It is very difficult to play alone, and I don't have a band. The pedal steel is mostly a back up instrument. That's why I need people like Rick and Lorraine. They get the jobs, and I go along to play background.

Daniel: Have you worked with Rick and Lorraine before?

Winnie: Yes, and I am on their record.

Daniel: Do you write your own music, or use what's already been written?

Winnie: The tunes I put on my records are mostly my own, but when I play backup it's mostly other people's music, obviously. That is the position that most pedal steel players are in. Playing backup.

Daniel: Would you like to have your own band?

Winnie: No. I like what I am doing.

Daniel: Where else do you play?

Winnie: Well, there is a pedal steel convention every Labor Day weekend in St. Louis. It is really a very ex-

citing thing. Almost 27,000 pedal steel players from all over the world come and play. People from England, Germany, the Netherlands, even Japan. The biggies are there too. People like Buddy Emmons and Lloyd Green. These are really the acknowledged leaders in the world of the pedal steel. Most people try to copy them and their music. These people have written most of the instrumentals there are, and most of the people who play in St. Louis, play their stuff. I decided not to when I was invited to play there last year. I thought, I can't play as well as they can, so why make a jerk of myself playing their music when I can play my own.

Daniel: Is Winnie Winston a biggie?

Winnie: No. I am very well known, though. My book on the pedal steel sold 16,000 copies, so at least 16,000 people know my name, but I am not really a biggie.

Daniel: What music do you like to listen to?

Winnie: I find music distracting. I can't have music on when I am doing something because I drop what I am doing and concentrate on the music.

Daniel: What about when you want to drop everything and want to listen to music?

Winnie: Well, then I have some records that I really like playing over and over. I have a record by Jim Ringer, which I am on, that I really like listening to. There is a set of records by Buddy Emmons made at the convention last year I really think is beautiful. I mostly listen to the kind of music that I play. I do listen to some classical music. I get ideas from that. I also like some jazz. Rock I find very disturbing and couldn't care less for.

Daniel: What is your goal as a musician?

Winnie: Just playing.

Daniel: Would you like to be in the position of a Lloyd

Green or Buddy Emmons some day?

Winnie: It would be fun, but I don't think I could devote my whole life to music. I am too involved with teaching, which is also a part of me.

Daniel: Is there the same magic and excitement in teaching as there is in playing music?

Winnie: Yes, if you are with the right people.

Daniel: What makes Winnie Winston happiest?

Winnie: Driving my car on a nice curving road. I discovered that some time ago.

Daniel: Without a pedal steel beside you?

Winnie: Without a pedal steel!

Daniel: You mentioned the record that you have coming out. Can you tell us a little bit about it?

Winnie: Well, I teamed up with a man named Ken Bloom to do the record. Ken is a very eclectic musician. He was born in Hollywood and did a lot of studio work for the Monkees and knows how to play just about everything. He can play all the horns, all the reeds, he has a background on keyboards, he plays the Bondura, most of the Indian instruments, Northumbrian small pipes, and the zither. Ken is one of the best zither players I have heard.He is now trying to play his own compositions on the zither.

Daniel: That's really innovative, isn't it?

Winnie: Yes, very. Ken is always saying, "Let's take these instruments and play <u>music</u> on them." I met him in Philly and since then we play together whenever we have the chance. When Philo said they would do my record I knew I would have to have Ken. I asked him to be my producer, and I think that that is why my record is as good as it is. We thought that since everyone knows what the traditional pedal steel sounds like in the context of Country and Western music, let's see how it sounds in the

context of Scottish and Irish traditional folk songs, Reggae, etc.. We did do one tune that is very much a pedal steel standard, "Danny Boy". "Danny Boy" is played by everyone who has ever done a pedal steel record. We decided to follow suit, and put it at the end of our record too. But we did it uniquely. We did it in stereo so that if one has headphones on, he hears the song come in one ear and then go out the other.

Daniel: It seems odd that here you went back to a standard tune, in view of all you have said.

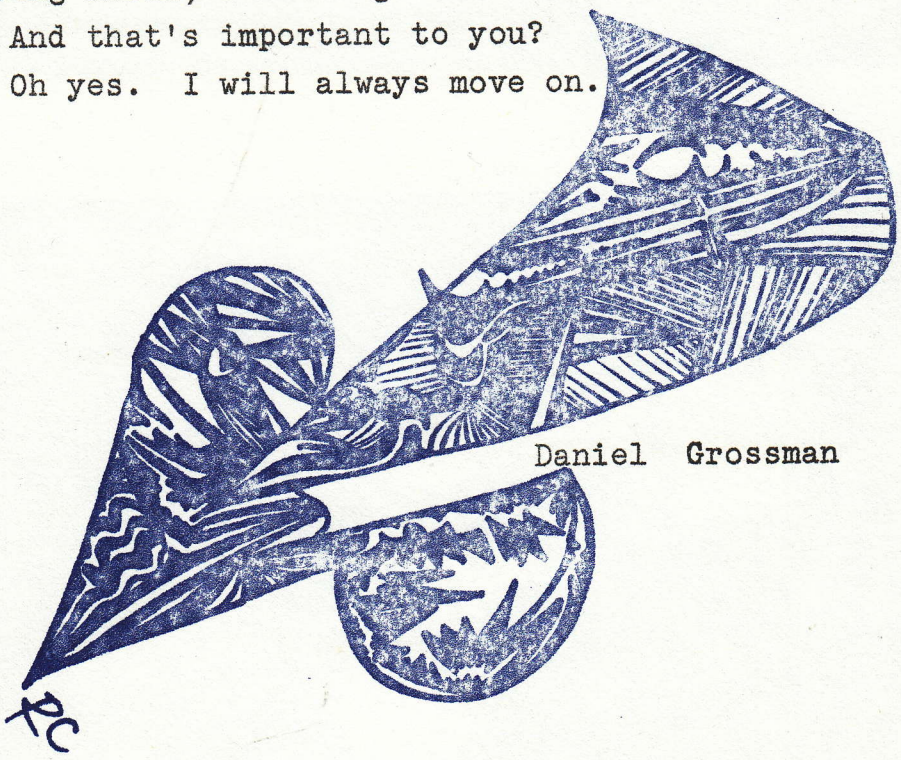
Winnie: Well, we only did two bars!

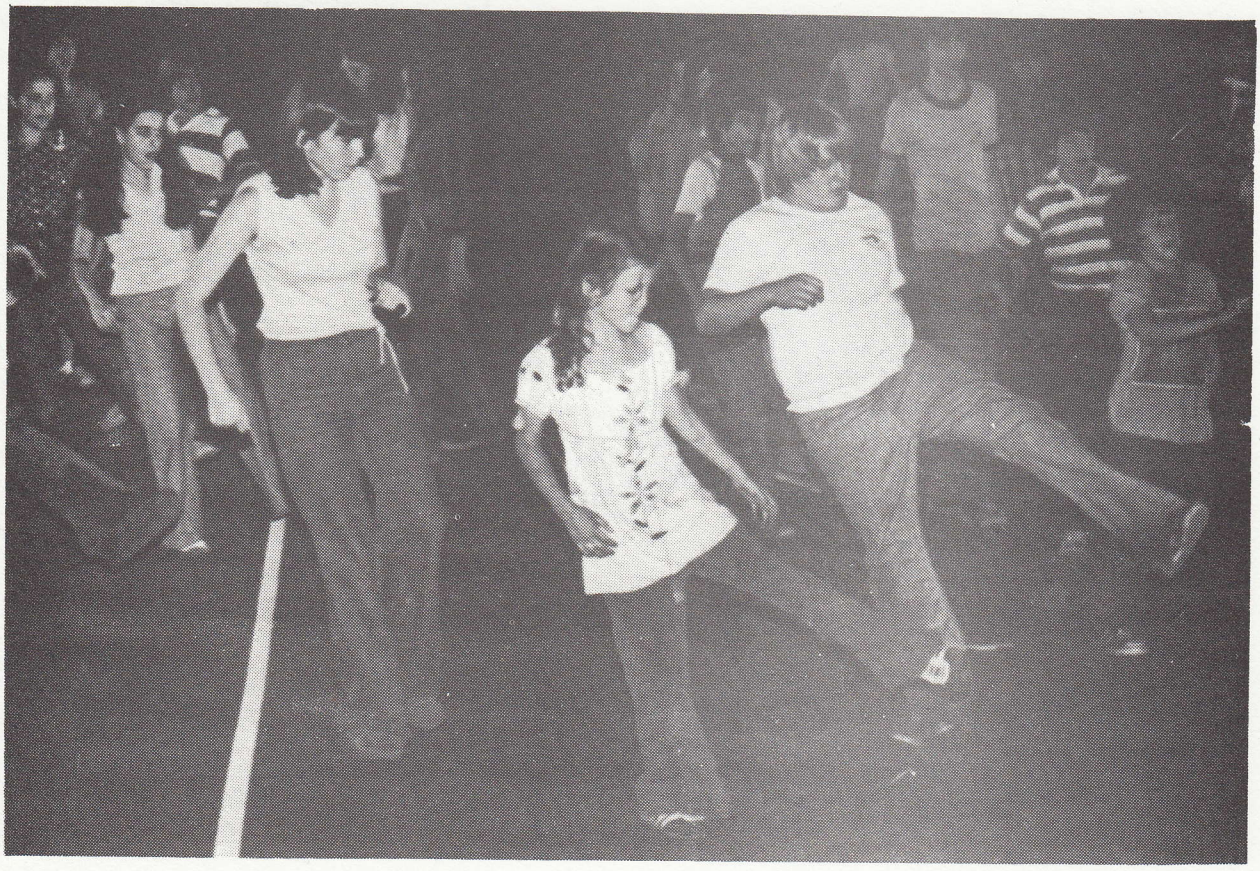
Daniel: Winnie, do you see yourself as constantly growing in your music?

Winnie: Definitely. I think I grow in spurts, but I am always going ahead, I never go backwards.

Daniel: And that's important to you?

Winnie: Oh yes. I will always move on.





BACKSTAGE

I'm backstage. It's fifteen minutes before The Firebugs goes on, and I've just finished a harrowing hour of getting that awful greasy makeup on, practicing deep breathing exercises, and feeling as if this play will never come out right. Still, I'm filled with a tingly, wonderful sort of excitement that comes from knowing that two weeks of hard effort are finally resulting in something polished and professional. I close my eyes and picture my relatives and friends out there, hoping I won't be able to see them from my place under the bright lights.

Some of the other actors and crew members are chatting brightly, whispering the final "good lucks." Others are silent, concentrating on each move and line they are about to perform. I'm doing my share of both.

Suddenly, it's time! The whole show unfolds, scene by scene, as I listen, tense, in the wings, and ready myself for my cues. Things go almost perfectly--the few mistakes are well camouflaged. The audience will never know that unique feeling of panic I felt when I found out my cap had dropped and that the candlesticks had been set too early.

Too soon, the curtain falls. All of us on stage are holding a frozen position, while the lights come up and the audience begins to applaud.

Commotion! I run out of position, laughing and hugging the others, meeting my friends and hearing the con-

gratulations go round. Dad! I hug him and he smiles...it's all over.

How did it start? I can recall the faint memory of going to audition for the part of Anna in the production two long weeks ago. Scared was not the word! I decided number eleven was my lucky script and stuck to it. And, when I left, I didn't know whether to feel elated or miserable.

It was a long time until that night, the hour when tne call-back list would be posted. I ran my eyes down the list of names, and mine was there, clear and bold. Now, it was time to prepare for the next obstacle.

The call-back audition was much worse. I had so much more to lose! Remembering Ed's words, I really tried to stand out, to take chances, to be compelling. One thing I'd learned from Ed was that you have to make your presence known at an audition. Well, there he was, scribbling mysterious notes on a little white tablet that I would have given my life to see. His face never betrayed one iota of what he was writing. I left once more, knots in my stomach.

Later that day, I was rehearsing for an Actors' Workshop production. Two friends came in, patiently waiting,and when I was done, one of them smiled and said, "Pam, we think you ought to consider changing your middle name to Anna, because..."

She didn't get any further! Suddenly, becoming very undignified, I screamed loudly and hugged one, then the other. They had also received parts in The Firebugs, and we ran out of the Rec Hall like madmen to telephone home the good news.

But, soon I had to get down to serious business. Rehearsals started right away. When asked what day lines were to be learned by, Ed replied, "yesterday." We got to work!

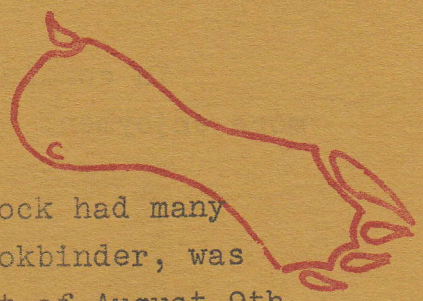
The early days were admittedly not too exciting for me. They consisted mostly of blocking, learning our step-by-step placement and movement on the stage, in short, a drag. But, I found myself growing to know the "drama crowd," building an affection for those with whom I worked. Soon we graduated from tedious plotting to full scale run-throughs. I spent time in the costume shop trying on my outfit, a maid's uniform. I went with Maggie, the prop mistress, to learn to set and clear a full table in a matter of minutes (I never thought I'd do it right!). Thanks to the actors, crew, and lovable techies, all the different facets of the stage came together for one tremendous production.

Pam Erens

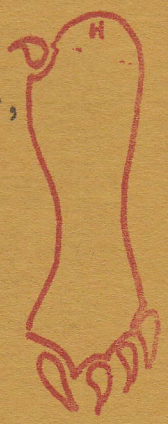

ROCHEL

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR





During the summer of 1978, Buck's Rock had many visitors. But no visitor, not even Roy Bookbinder, was as strange as the one who came on the night of August 9th.



On the morning of August 10th, a great number of huge, green footprints, which led from the Publications Shop to Lou and Sybil's cabin, were discovered. However, this was not all that was found. The Gong had changed from grey to red and green, as had the sledge hammer. There were several mounds of green clay with slogans written alongside of them. A van and a station wagon showed signs that something mysterious had occurred.

The logical explanation is that members of the Publications Department, upon contracting the "Pub Shop Blues," decided to build a 30 foot green dragon. Unfortunately, the monster probably escaped before the paint was dry. The dragon, after relieving himself, did some strange thing to the gong. It then proceeded across the porch and onto Joe Jochnowitz's once blue van. It stamped on the canteen before proceeding to Lou and Sybil's cabin, where it was eaten by the Simon's dog, Wrinkles. Another explanation is that several mean humans painted green footprints all over camp.

I was fortunate enough to speak with the leader of the dragon printers who claims it was all done for a sense of group unity and togetherness. This person states that they all had a good time. He also preferred to remain anonymous.

Although the Dragon Printers' identities were never discovered, the sculpture shop gladly cleaned the car, van,

canteen, porch, gong, sledge hammer, and the mounds of clay.

In conclusion, I would like to state that there was more enjoyment than damage.

Matt DeTeresa

SWING WITH ME, GRANDPA

"Emmie! Come inside now, that's enough swingin' for one day. You're sure to drive yourself dizzy if you go on any longer."

I hated when Mama interrupted the afternoon by slicing into the peace with her yelling. I ignored her, and closed my eyes to listen to the creaking rope that secured the wooden seat.

Louis was chasing butterflies across the yard, slashing his net violently after them. He would always get so frustrated if he didn't catch at least one in all his efforts. Mama called again.

"Emigina! I'd thank you to heed my demands like a daughter should. And quit that swingin'. I'm surprised the branch hasn't snapped yet. Come on, get your 75 pounds over here this minute."

Reluctantly, I hopped off, and walked to the house. Mama's husky figure stood at the threshold. Her brown hair was set in pink curlers. As I approached her, I could tell she was annoyed.

"We're going to Grandpa's today, so I would like you to fetch your brother and see that he gets dressed proper. Your dress is on the bed, freshly pressed. Mind you don't wrinkle it putting it on."

Grandpa Anson's! What great news! I loved going to Grandpa's. He usually had some treat waiting in the oven when we visited, and made sure Mama didn't bother about how much we ate. He always said I reminded him of Grandma, whom I never knew, with my auburn hair and high cheek bones. We would play checkers. And in the spring, I would help him plant the flower garden.

"Louis," I cupped my hands to my mouth. Louis!

Come inside. We have to get dressed to go to Grandpa's.

"Now?"

"Yes. Now."

"But I haven't caught one butterfly yet. I promise to come in as soon as I get the speckled brown one."

"No. Mama wants us in this minute."

Louis threw down his net, and stomped ahead of me into the house. Mama had his things set out on the bed also, and I helped Louis brush his bangs and button his shirt.

"I don't want to go to Grandpa's. Do you Emmie?"

"I'm looking forward to it. We haven't seen him in a long time, since he had that operation on his eyes."

"What operation?"

"Oh, he was in the hospital for a while. Mama never told me much about it. Come on, cooperate. I have to get ready too."

"Go ahead. I can finish myself."

Mama had chosen the yellow cotton dress with embroidered sleeves. I quickly zipped myself up and ran a brush through my hair. I ran into thekitchen and presented myself to Mama. She smiled. "Put a ribbon in that nest of yours and you'll look half human."

We were in our car at noon. Grandpa's house was an hour away in a woodsy area.

"You never told me if Grandpa's operation was successful," I reminded Mama on our way there.

"Oh, it's nothing you should worry your little mind about. Everything's just fine."

"That's good. What was wrong with him anyway?"

"When people get old, they're faced with certain problems. That's all. Don't dwell on unpleasant things, Emmie. Everything's just fine."

The trees greeted us with a sweet whistle as we drove up to the place. The house was sturdy and inviting.

his face no longer rosy. "Why does he keep doing that," I whispered to Mama.

"He is just playing. Go and sit by him."

I slowly walked over and climbed on his lap. Grandpa held me tightly and said, "I'm sorry." His voice was shaky.

I turned to him. "Sorry about what, Gramp? You haven't done anything wrong."

"Do you want your pipe, Grandpa?" Louis squeaked, holding it up.

Grandpa smiled. "As a matter of fact, I would. It's on the table, Louis. You can just pick it up and bring it here."

What was Grandpa saying? Louis had picked it up.

"Stop!" I yelled angrily. "Stop playing now. Please Grandpa, please stop playing."

"Emigina, what's come over you?" Grandpa asked.

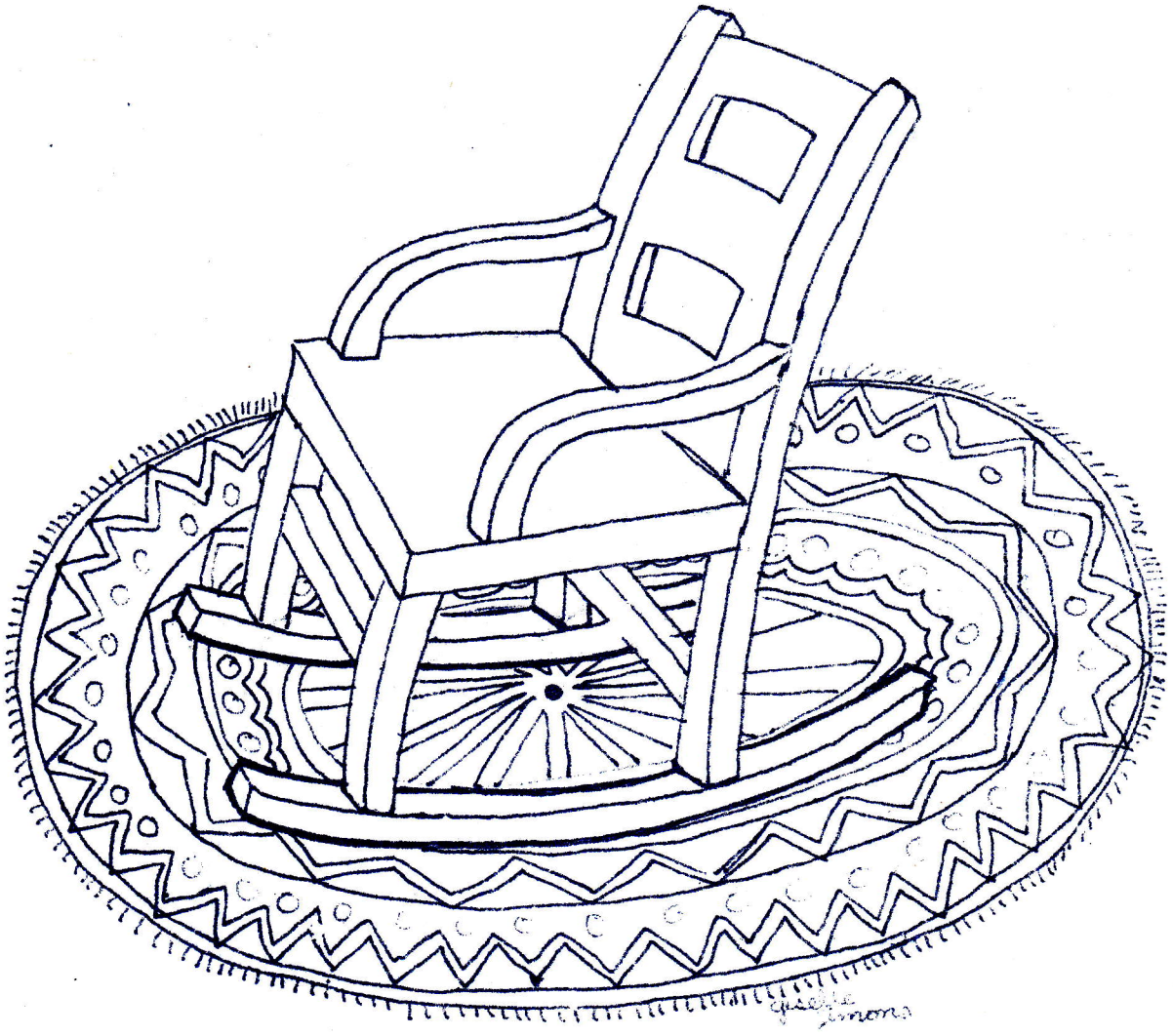
I jumped off his lap and ran to Mama. She no longer had the reassuring look on her face. I ran out of the house, down the grassy hill, past the trees, and flowers, and wind. I stopped at the brook that laughed as it swam carelessly.

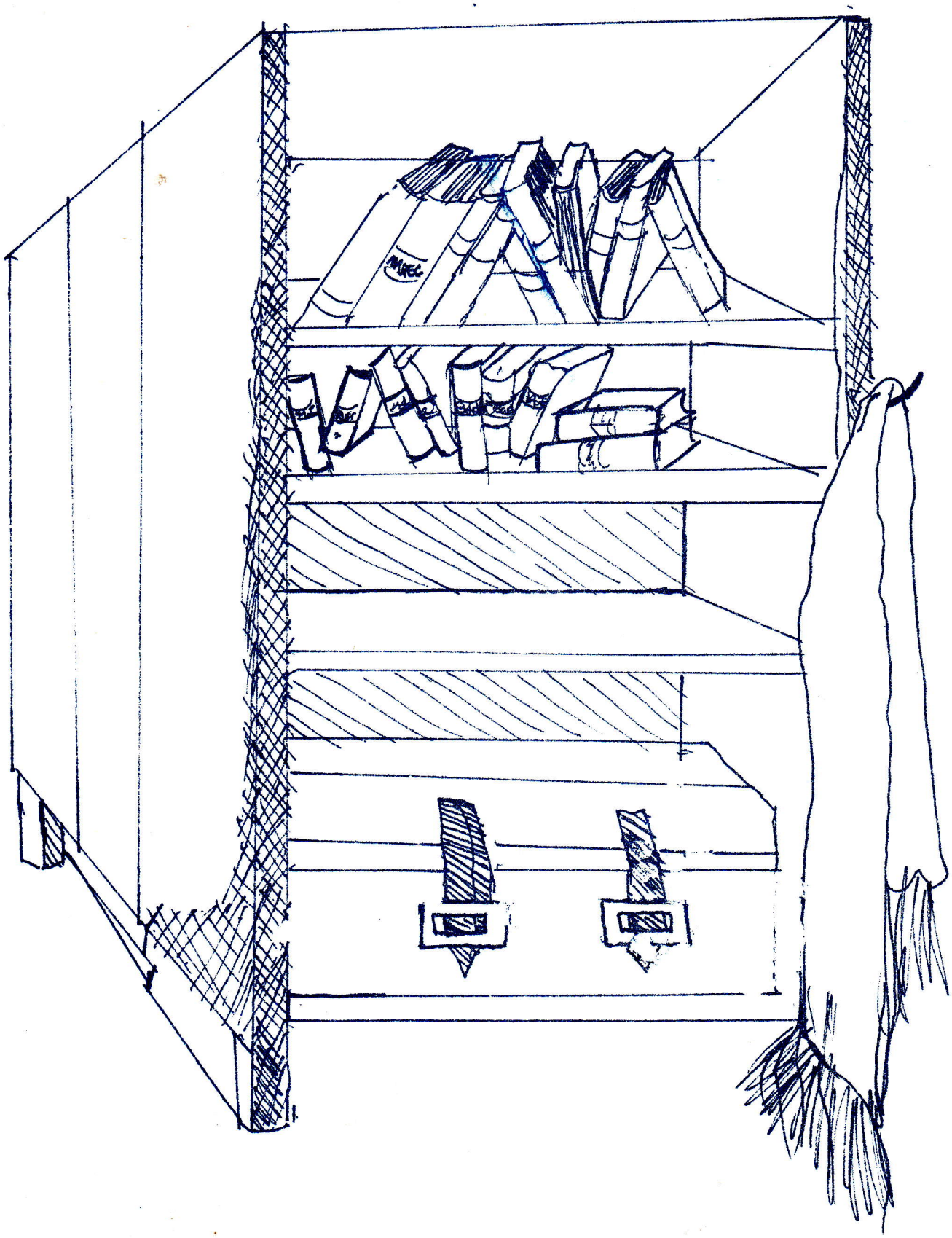
It wasn't fair that Grandpa couldn't see. Everyone else in the world could see. He had the beauty of the house and our garden for nothing now. What good was it all if he couldn't look at it? Why had Mama dressed us so fine if he couldn't appreciate our appearance? I wanted the real Grandpa back. I wanted him here beside me, smoking his pipe. I wanted him to look and look and look at me.

Mama's voice rang, interrupting my thoughts. "Emmie! Emigina! Come on up. We're leaving now. Emmie!"

I didn't answer. I didn't care about Mama or Louis. I wanted to rip out my eyes and give them to Grandpa.

Abigail Pogrebin





ATTIC

Quilts piled in a corner
under a spider web.

A broken wagon,
a wooden chair,

hats from another century
with feathers wilting,
fastened to the brim.

Wire hangers
support fading clothes.

Shelves
bear
the old fairy tales
that carried us to bed.

We neglect the trunks
but the brass lock

keeps our dusty memories
safe.

Abigail Pogrebin

THE DELUGE

Forboding, boundless skies.

millions of tiny, pearlike drops

tumble carelessly from the midsts.

the Heavens have opened their doors

Purge.

Shot by an arrow,

they plunge directly without fear.

a solid wall of rain

Descends.

Those living things

that are touched

Respond.

by Allison Dee Harlow

TWO SPIES

One night, Agents X-04 and Y-29 got a call from their Soviet superior, Z-42.

"We have discovered a possible army training site," Z-42 thundered, "in New Milford, Connecticut. Your mission is to gather data about this camp, called Buck's Rock Work Camp."

That night, X-04 and Y-29 got into their van and sped towards the site. When they reached their destination, they changed into the uniform given to them: jeans and T shirts.

It was 7:00 A.M., and no one was around. X-04 and Y-29 scouted the area that they were to study. All they found were several large, closed buildings (probably arsenals) and a number of crowded living areas.

"Very suspicious," muttered X-04. "Look at all those sophisticated weapons! Conairs and Norelco Gotcha's and Remingtons! At least one per bunk!"

A horrible noise split the silence. The trainees groaned, and others got out of their bunks and ran for the showers. Soon, people were making the rounds, shouting,

"Up! Out of bed!" (undoubtedly sergeants)

8:00--another series of clangs, and people began marching to the mess hall for food.

"Ugh!" grunted one, as he choked on a lead pancake. A man was yelling things into the microphone--probably coded orders.

"Aha!" said Y-29, "Work gong at 9:00! Now we can see what these people will do."

Making the rounds, the two spies saw two farms

(food for the trainers), a science lab (discovering new formulas), a ham radio/electronics shop that was monitoring Washington for new orders, and a radio station that was emitting top secret information disguised as popular music. There were shops making new arms (under the innocent names of ceramics, silver/metal, woodshop, glassblowing, and sculpture), shops making uniforms (sewing, fabric design, and weaving), and areas of people training for combat (fencng, dance, and stage). Lastly, there was a shop for spies--photography. After more shop, and dinner, the camp seemed to shut down much of its production. There were activities still taking place: code handbooks in the "Pub" and music codes in the music shed.

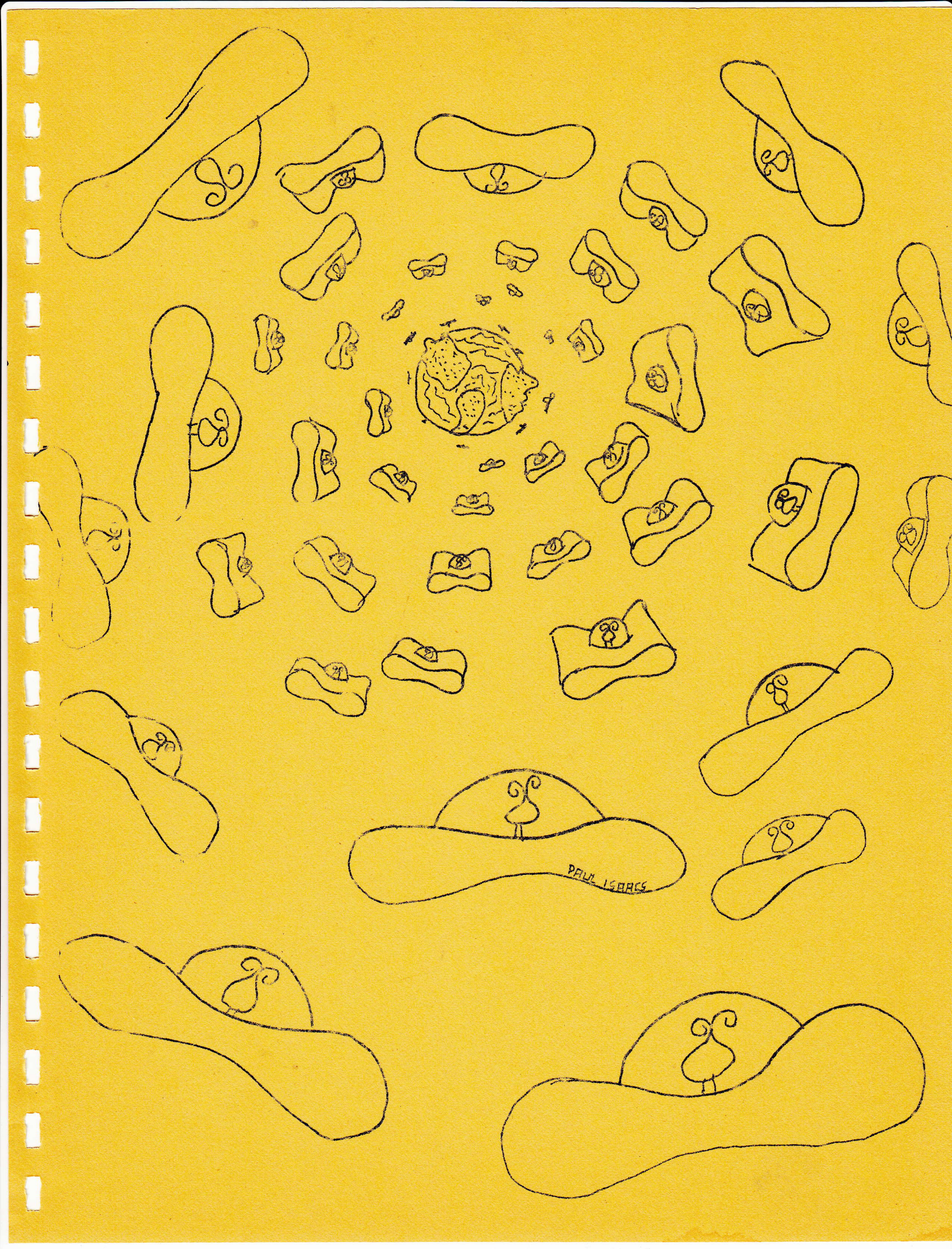
At 8:00 p.m., a loud sound like an air raid signal shook the air. Many people rushed to the tennis courts where they marched to strange directions ("swing your pardners" and "do-se-do", promenade).

By the time the last gong rang at 10:30, the spies were exhausted. Squads patrolled the inhabited areas.

X-04 and Y-29 ran back to their van, and rushed back to their commander.

"Idiots! Blockheads! Sons of swine!" Z-42 screamed after reading the report. "Couldn't you see it's not that kind of camp???"

Laura Pearle


PAUL ISAACS

BUBBLES

A flat circle is the beginning
Lazily expanding
To a glossy shape
Fragile, slimy and plump
Wobbling off the wand
Snowflakes floating in the air
Twirling in a spiral way
Planets orbiting the universe
Delicately touching
I pop one moist and greasy bubble
The others sometimes living
With colors of red, yellow and blue
Even purple, white
Sparkles of green and orange
Swirling on the surface of spheres
Reflecting golden squares of light
Like stained glass winows
Going down and up
Big bubbles faster
Small bubbles slower
Landing they bounce and roll
Vibrating while touching the rug.

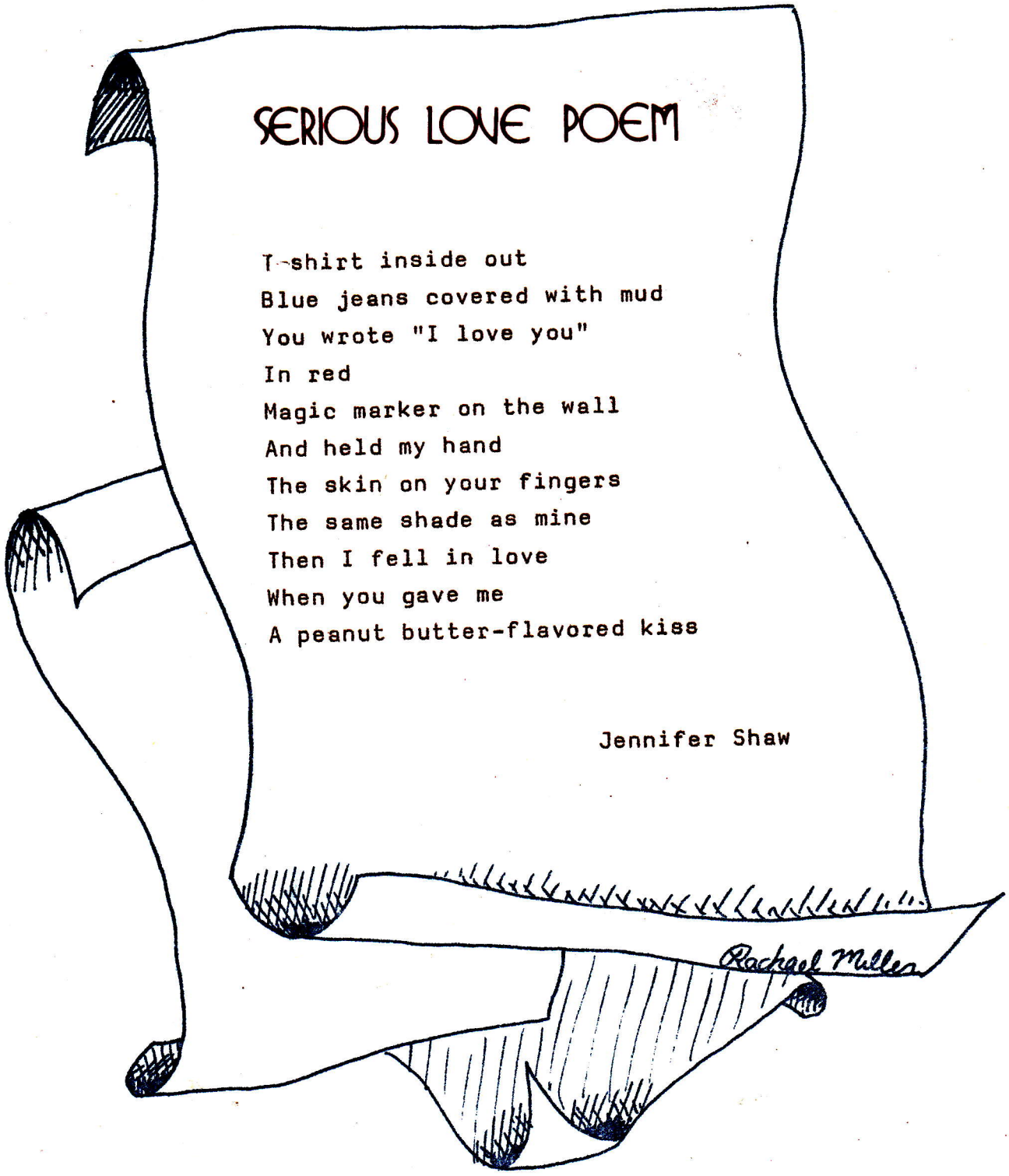
Lois Ettinger

ges. '78

SERIOUS LOVE POEM

T-shirt inside out
Blue jeans covered with mud
You wrote "I love you"
In red
Magic marker on the wall
And held my hand
The skin on your fingers
The same shade as mine
Then I fell in love
When you gave me
A peanut butter-flavored kiss

Jennifer Shaw



A VIGNETTE

The dark, cold, grey night hovered in fear over the forthcoming storm. They were trapped in a house of dust; alone and protected, they heard the rain beating on the helpless roof, giving the space its own value. The screaming from the other rooms echoed the thunder in changing tones -- the scream's daytime immensity was small in comparison to this nighttime intensity.

There were four in the room: Peter, Richard, Alex, and Wallace. Peter sat calmly on his bed, reading the news of the world that was, for the moment, so far away. He knew that the storm was a passing thing and he did not permit himself to become involved in its anger. Richard lay silent in his bed. He did not project feelings of fright, joy, or quiet thoughtfulness. His body did not move, but rather lay frozen, a mummy. Alex, like so many others in other places, became wild. He screamed loudly, manic and thoughtless. His screams shrank and grew with regular frequency, like a slow heartbeat. The sounds passed, unregistered by his companions. Wallace sat very still on a trunk, eating crackers with a regularity that echoed the lightning. After a few moments, he climbed on his bed, listening to the storm.

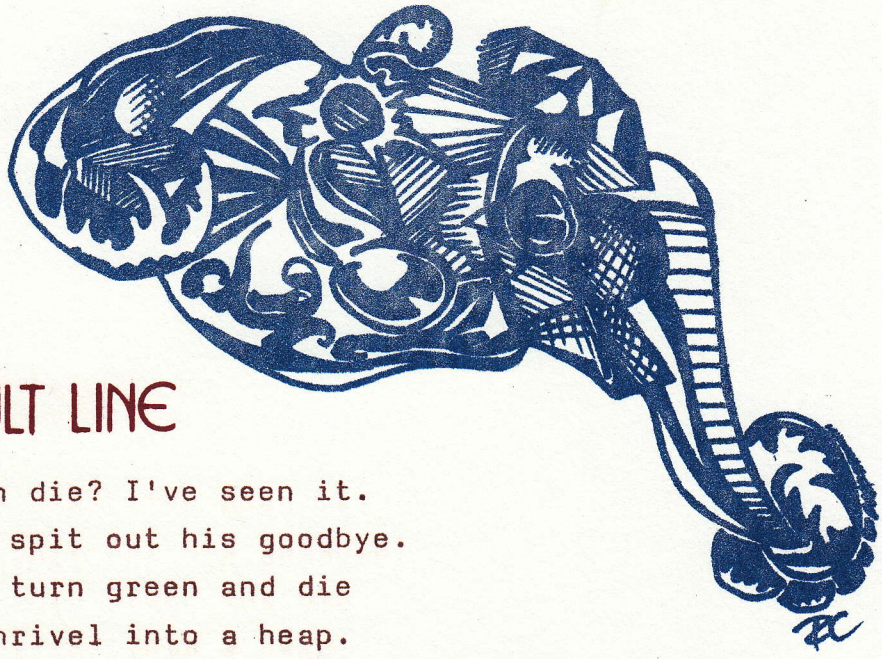
The storm did not subside with time, but rather continued to build upon itself. Alex slowly tired of his screaming, and Peter finished his article and turned off his light. Richard remained frozen, and Wallace sat pensively on his bed. Quite suddenly, Wallace volunteered a story. Peter nodded indulgently, uncaring. Alex gave a sudden yes -- and then sat, shivering obviously. Richard quietly asked to hear the story, and Wallace began:

> It rained and it rained and it rained and it rained. Piglet told himself that never in his life--and goodness knows how old he was: three, was it, or four?-- had he seen such rain.[1]

The story danced by, flaunting its colors and showing its personality. Pooh, Piglet, Christopher Robin, and Owl flew by, telling their story. The words fell from Wallace's mouth in a constant stream, twisting their own ideas. Peter, the benign indulger, found himself entrapped in the story; lost in its consciousness. Alex did not understand, and he fell asleep slowly, resting from his tribulations for a moment. Richard continued to listen silently, seeing both justice and inequity in the tale. And when the story was done, Peter felt victorious, Richard self-righteous, and Wallace, content. As the others fell asleep, Alex woke and asked for the end of the story. He received no answer.

Andrew Solomon

[1]Alan Alexander Milne, WINNIE THE POOH.



FAULT LINE

Ever watch a man die? I've seen it.
He grimaced and spit out his goodbye.
I've seen a man turn green and die
I watched him shrivel into a heap.
He fell into the fault line between today and tomorrow.
He made a noise when he died
An exhaling balloon, a scream.

They shot his head off.
I saw the bullet fly,
It hit its mark declaring blood to the world.
He died,
The bullet lived
To kill
Another and another.

He's dead and buried now
Gone to the insects
Or whoever wants a fast meal.

Richard Colman

AUTUMN ADVENT

The sixth game of the world series was that night. "Dance with Me" had become popular. After a two-hour drive, nine thirteen year old boys arrived at an outpost in Connecticut. Farm smells, the odors of pigs and cows, filled the air. The van doors opened.

Cramped legs stretched and relaxed. Peter said,

"How about some food?" Everyone else smiled, as if to explain that Peter was eternally hungry.

"Soon," replied an adult. "But, first, we have to walk to main camp."

Strolling on an empty stomach is unpleasant, at the least. The leaders countered the groans and growls, mostly from Peter, with smiles. Finally, the leaders produced a picnic basket from nowhere.

Each child was given a sleeping bag. Ken showed the boys where to sleep, a leanto far away from the dining hall. Inside, they went wild. Jeff had a tape recorder and Paul had a radio, and, strangely enough, everyone liked the same kinds of music. Besides, Mike had potato chips and M & M's.

In the afternoon, Ken, and Marcy, the girls' counselor, taught fire building. Peter thought this absurd.

"Why do we need to build fires?" he asked Jeff. Jeff didn't know.

Later, Peter met Ellen, his cooking partner. At the mention of food, his stomach complained even more. Then, Ken announced that they were cooking hamburgers on open fires for dinner. It started to drizzle as he spoke, but he said,

"Don't worry; wet-day fires are better practice than good-day fires." Peter was astonished. He hadn't paid close attention to the lecture on fires. He hoped that Ellen had. Thinking of frozen burgers for dinner, he walked up to Ellen.

He was going to say something to her, when he suddenly blushed, quickly covering his mouth and turning his head.

"Say," she said, "we're in the same math class, aren't we?"

"Yes," Peter replied. "You sit in the second seat in the third row, near the poster of Newton."

"Yeah, what do you know!"

By this time, he had turned to face her and was checking her out. Much more cooly, he asked,

"When do we start cooking?"

Take the hamburgers from Ken. Place them on a clean surface. Collect wood for the fire. Make sure to get kindling, medium and large sticks. Build the fire. Light the fire, making sure that you have enough air for it. Bellow

the fire. Add fuel. Bellow. Wait for the fire to burn to coals. Put on the grill. Cook the hamburgers.

Peter and Ellen argued with each other on how to do this or that. Soon they noticed that nothing had happened. Meantime, Peter became hungrier and more embarrassed When, finally, Ken showed them what to do, they ate, although finishing their firsts as the others finished seconds. Peter felt quite ashamed. Even though she too was embarrassed Ellen approached Peter and said,

"You'll do it better next time."

Peter answered,

"Yeah, I guess so."

"You know, Peter, they were really good."

At this point, he smiled. Ellen felt much better. She loosely put her arm on his shoulder and said,

"See you later."

After the boys were supposed to be in bed, they felt inclined to say goodnight to the girls--one way or another. Peter, though, was frightened of going; he was the only one who stayed behind. He debated with himself whether or not to go.

Jeff and Paul told Peter what had happened; needless to say, he believed only parts of it. Every night, they tried to convince him to join them, but he disagreed. He began to grow more curious as the week lengthened.

"Peter, you still up?" (pause) "Peter?"

"What is it,Jeff?"

"Ellen...well,"

"Don't b.s. me, Jeff."

"I'm not. She asked about you."

"Yeah?"

"Sure. Hey, Peter, why don't you go with us tomorrow night?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Maybe the night after?"

"Christ, Jeff, I don't know."

Peter always awoke half an hour before everybody else. He saved that time for thought and decision; still, he had declined deciding what to do about Ellen.

A big smile on his face, Paul greeted Peter one day.

"What's happening?" Paul asked.

"Not much, at the moment," Peter replied.

"Look, I'll get right to the point, Peter. What do you think of Ellen?"

"I like her. I really like her. You should know that."

"That's what I thought."

"Why?"

"I went up to her and said that you liked her."

At this, Peter groaned with pain. He asked,

"Now, why the hell did you do that?"
"Wait! Let me finish. She said--"
"Yeah?"
"--that she likes you too."

Peter stood up and remained silent for a while. Then, he said, quietly,

"Thanks very much, Paul."

Walking through the woods alone, Peter searched for a convenient rock to use as a chair. He smelled the air. A branch cracked as he tripped on some moss and fell, head first, into a pile of leaves. Unhurt, he smiled, and, getting up, he found the perfect rock.

A cool breeze partly swept away the leaves, chilling Peter. Now, he knew the true meaning of the word crisp. Autumn...you can be absorbed in autumn.

"What am I doing out here?" Peter shouted. Unable to think clearly, he knew only one thing: he missed Ellen. The scenery seemed perfect, but, without her, Peter felt it a vacuum. He got up and walked back to the main camp.

At supper, the only thing he managed to say to her was,

"Please, pass the salt."

Momentarily, he thought that she might dislike him. Maybe, Paul was bullshitting, just to get him to come one night so that Ellen and everyone else could embarrass him. No, he corrected himself, Paul wouldn't do something like that. The smile came back, especially when he saw Ellen looking right at him, appearing very friendly.

Peter still oppposed the idea of saying goodnight to the girls. From what the other boys had explained to him, he understood that boys and girls remained unpaired--no individual relationships. As a contrast, Peter wanted a relationship, a friendship, a friend, even if she were merely someone to talk to when he was upset.

Peter arrived at the campfire half an hour late. When he went to sit by the fire, he noticed that Mike, Jeff and Paul were involved in a game of Spin the Bottle. Seeing that Ellen too was playing, he began approaching the circle of people. He paused halfway to reconsider his action. The game seemed completely impersonal. Yet, there was Ellen, looking right at him with a smile. What would he do? Perhaps, Ellen liked Paul or Jeff or Mike more than him. Perhaps, that smile meant,

"You're a sweet kid, Peter, but please stay away so that I can talk with Paul, Jeff and Mike."

He stared at the glowing coals. Maybe he should burn himself to death. Eliminating all of his problems, death would be a superb idea. But, what if Ellen still liked him?

He couldn't walk up to the Spin the Bottle game, and he couldn't commit suicide; instead, he sorrowfully started

to walk away from main camp, back to where the group had originally arrived--the barn.

Inside, he began crying. Only five days out, he was homesick. He tried to absorb himself in the incredibly strong odors. Again, he was attempting to remove himself from people by seeking comfort in inanimate objects; and, again, he failed, in that he kept thinking of Ellen.

The barn door creaked open.

"Peter?" a familiar voice asked.

Surprised, he replied,

"Over here," refusing to try to identify the voice. When he saw her, though, he was encouraged to say, "Oh, it's you, Ellen."

He began perspiring after he had said that, and he turned his head to wipe off the sweat. He said,

"Uh, get a load o' that cow!" Then he turned to face her again. "You, um, look very nice."

"Oh, yeah," she replied. But he could see that she was impatient. He stepped closer to her. For a few seconds, he tried to think of what to do next. Finally, Ellen said,

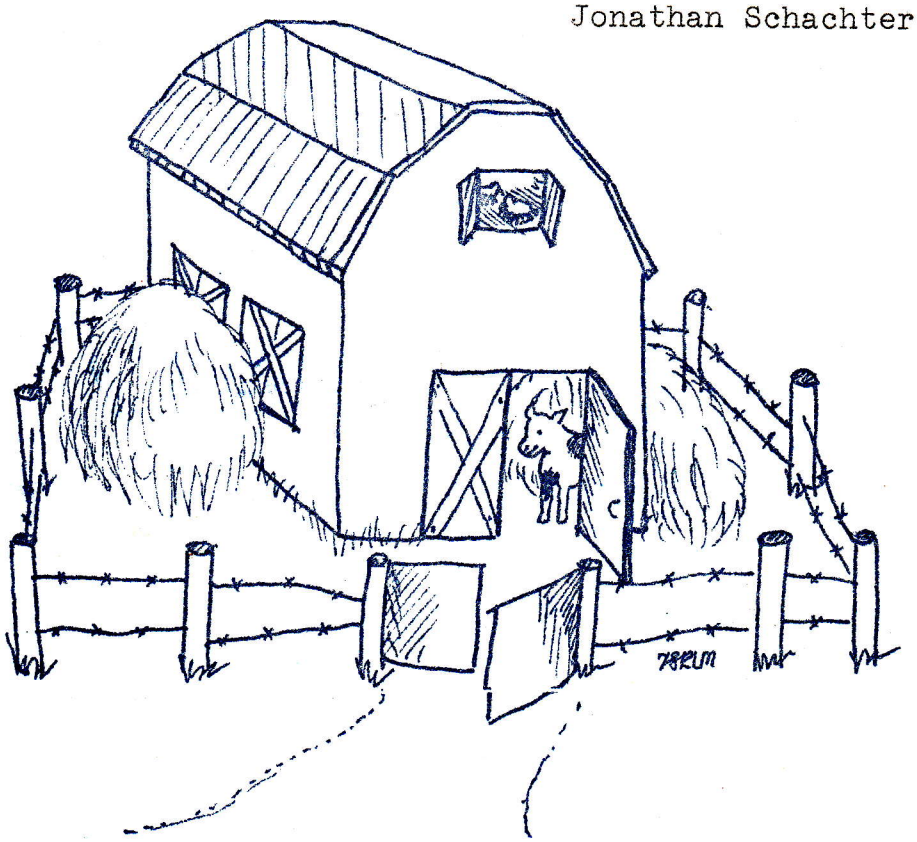
"Peter, I think the idea is that you pucker your lips." He did, and she kissed him.

After the kiss, he felt nothing like fire crackers or sky rockets.

"That's it?" he asked.

"Well, I guess we could try it again," she replied. They did. Feeling a bit more in control, Peter escorted Ellen out of the barn. As they walked slowly back to main camp, the two seemed like friends, who, having seen little of each other for a long while, had many things to discuss.

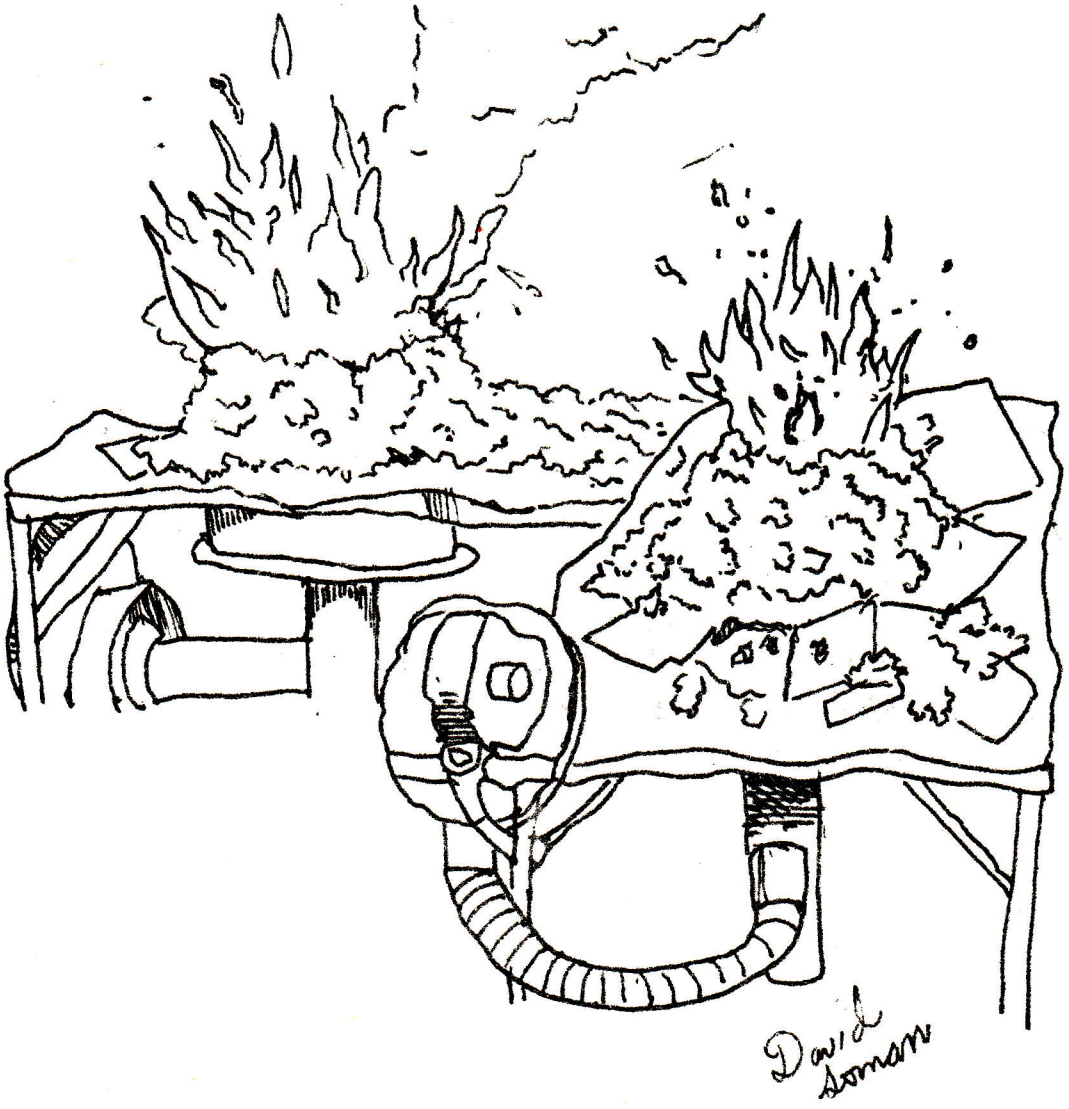
Jonathan Schachter



I know a lady; she types damn fast, so damn fast
She types other people's words
She's never typed a word she could call her own.

I type like a snail.
The words leak out of the typewriter
But each and every one is mine.
I am my own dictator.

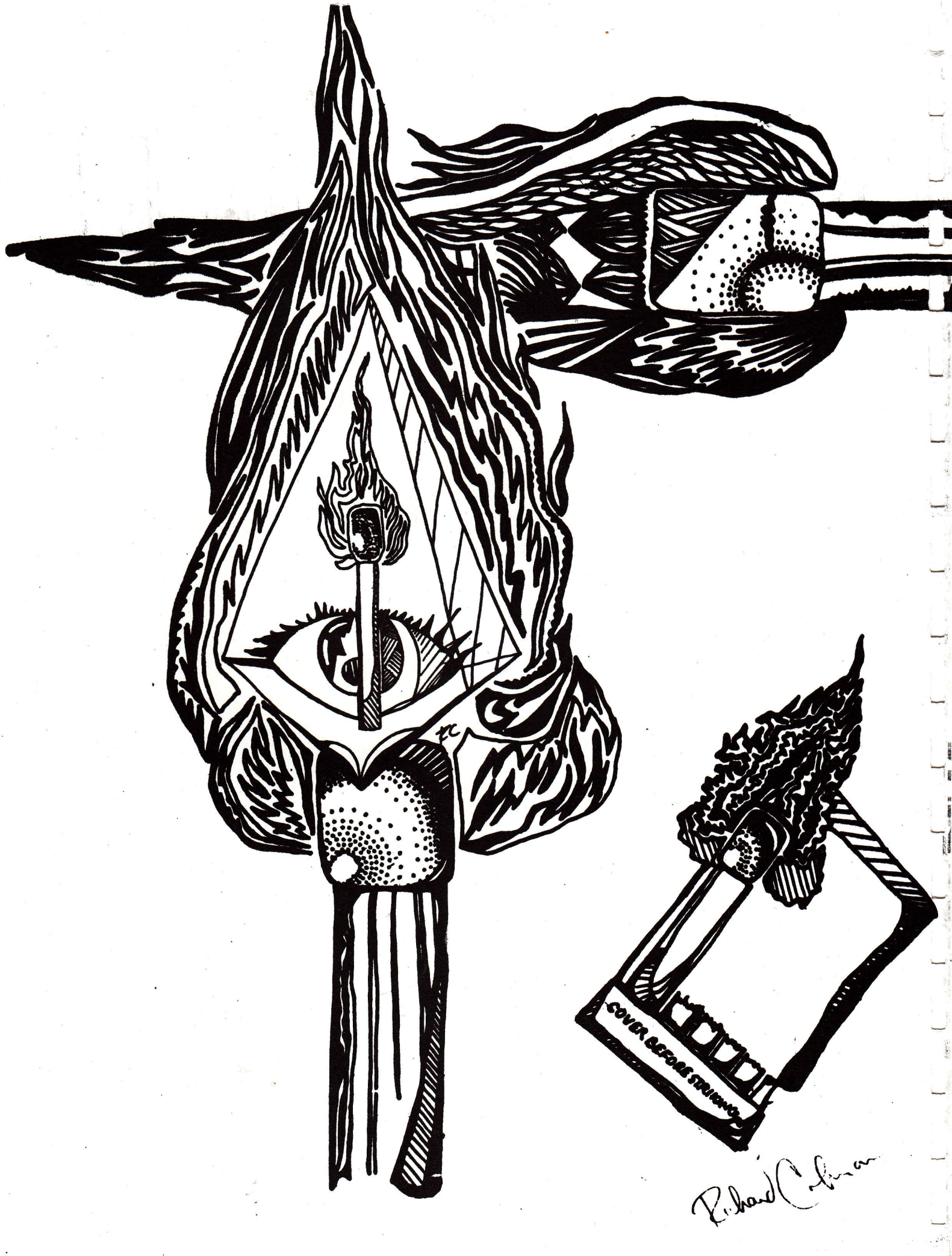
Richard Colman


David
Aroman

CAMPFIRE

The world is fire.
Sanity crumples: logs created for the single purpose
Of consumption, turning into fire.
Rage dominates. Flames, madness
Of the human mind.
The sparks' power is too great
To resist;
Too temporary
For joining.
We are blocks of wood, eventually
Making a pretty display
For the next generation of bystanders, hypnotized.

Gina Hausknecht


COVER BEFORE STRIKING

BASIN

Basin in my head
With a damp, brown washcloth
Coiled in it.
I squeeze the cloth hard, and weep.

Rain dries my washcloth,
Fat mists rolling me joyous
Or soddening the cloth
Filling my empty eyes.

The water tunnels through my body
Drowning my ears and bottom
Tugging until I am soaked
And want a nap.

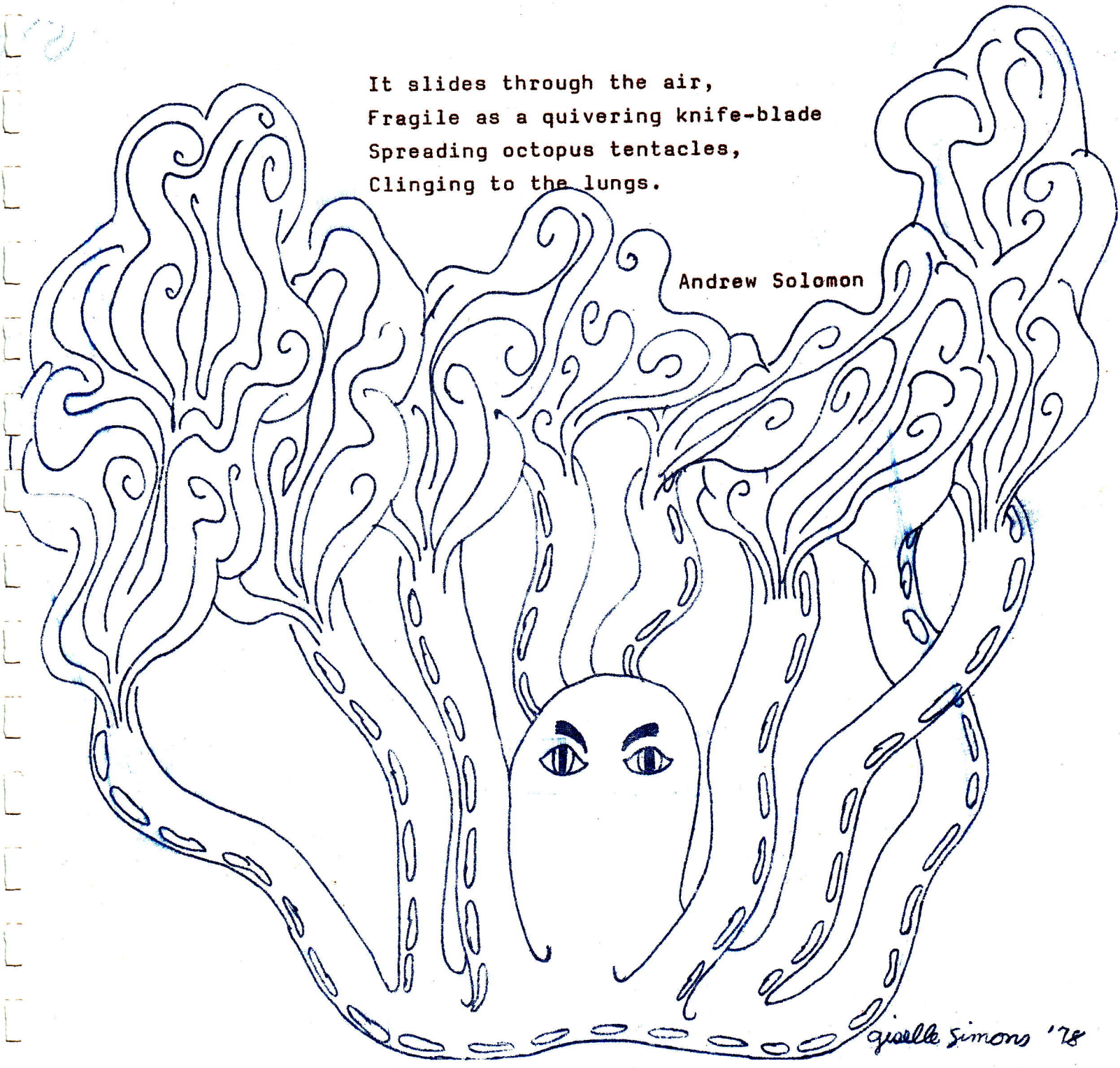
In our bathroom
My papa cuddles
A warm washcloth
And comforts my head.

Rachel Eisler

SMOKE

It slides through the air,
Fragile as a quivering knife-blade
Spreading octopus tentacles,
Clinging to the lungs.

Andrew Solomon



RUNAWAY

I chose Wednesday night. That is the night my mother and father get totally engrossed in the neighboring bridge game. So as not to bother the adults, little Amy is put to bed early.

On this particular Wednesday, I sat down in the hall, at the top of the stairs, and reviewed my plans once more before executing them. I had already packed the necessary provisions:

Canteen
Clothes
A good supply of Fig Newtons (stolen earlier from the cupboard)
Raggedy Ann and Andy
A blanket
Alarm clock

I put them, with my school books, in my army-navy knapsack given to me for my eleventh birthday this year. Then, when it was time for bed, I got dressed in a pair of jeans and my Snoopy shirt, and slipped under the covers. Because it was October, my sweatshirt lay at the foot of my bed.

I set my alarm clock for twelve o'clock midnight. When it rang, I gathered my belongings and tiptoed down the hall to the top of the stairs. That's when I decided to go over my plans, one last time, to check for any flaws.

After tiptoeing downstairs, I would skillfully pad past the living room, where the bridge game would be going on. I'd enter the kitchen and go straight for the back door grabbing an apple on the way out. I'd walk and walk, and when I passed the school house, I'd recall the facts of my complex scheme.

PLAN

by Rosemary Gould

Motive: No attention from parents because of stupid two year old sister.

Goal: To make parents realize how they've been destroying their first born by favoring the second offspring.

Geographical Destination: The playground.

Strategy: Leave home on Wednesday, October 28. Go directly to playground and sleep in green cement tunnel. Set alarm for 7:00 a.m. When it rings, run to designated hiding place in bushes. Arrange belongings, eat a Fig Newton or two, and walk to school. Conveniently, school provides hot lunches. Take advantage of the situation and stuff yourself. Then, after school, play with other children in playground. After everyone has gone home, go back to the bushes and eat three Fig Newtons. Then, in order to try and forget about hunger, go to sleep.

I followed the plan word for word. When the first night came I was lying in my tunnel, feeling extremely proud that my first day had gone exactly according to schedule. I heard sirens approaching and I knew they were coming to take me home. But I didn't care. I smiled to myself at what I had achieved.

When I awoke the next morning, I was in my own bed.

Somehow, my parents had found me, knapsack and all, in the tunnel. They acted as if nothing had happened, but from then on, they never favored little Amy.

I was happy now. But if something like this ever happened again, I was always ready for plan B....

Robin Pogrebin

DANCE NIGHT

As the lights dim
and melt, the fine mist turns
to rain, kissing
the audience and dancers.

Arms blossom overhead
intertwining, moonflowers
on a trellis. Bodies bending
and dipping, tall grass.

My tears gently quiver
unsure if they are legitimate.
I usually cry over words.

The drops linger
on my cheekbones
like dancers on stage
before the final bow,
then fall,
staining my program.

Dina Rose Friedman

Tides of Depression
Drifting ashore.
I flow with the waves
Offering no resistance,
Fighting the current
One could only drown,
The sea of emotion
Commands its lawless right of force.
Time floats on
Devoid of meaning
The monotonous waters
Warring with foaming fury
Gently recede,
A calmer voyage begins.

I will not sink
For my soul is strong,
I cannot swim
For my body is weak,
But still I weather the turbulence
Of my inner ocean,
For what I seek is peace of mind.

Sharon Bernstein

MORNING

Apollo awakens
relieving the moon from her sentry.

He opens his eyes and begins
to dry the dew.

The flowers wake up, bend
their leaves, receiving the warmth of sun.

A noise;
people stirring in their beds
finally give in, and arise.

The morning no longer belongs
to the large rocks watching us.

Robin Gallant

THIN BLACK RAINBOWS

New mothers lined up by the white picket fence
to toss their newborn onto gleaming white spikes
To impale the virtues of a people.

The man's neck was draped over the railroad track
little girls shrieked in horror
the blood of his life
leaked out his collar
down his tie
onto the cold tracks.

A horde of colorful pachyderms
crossed the circus floor
The cheering throngs screamed in delight
the demons in their eyes showed conspicuously.

They cheered them along
up the path to the slaughterhouse
paved with the blood of my father.
The slaughterhouse welcomed them with open arms
a bright smile
and a bloody handshake.

Thin black rainbows
stretched across the child's eyes
his hopes
swallowed by parents.
Ambitions born in a fragile shell,
to be trampled.

An old maid sat alone ia a desolate motel room,
her head stuffed with death.

I once dreamed of a house of steel
cold to the touch
cold to the sight
cold to all but the weeds that grew within.

I know of a man
who dropped all his change on the floor
he didn't stoop to pick it up
he danced over the minimum wage
and spat on it.

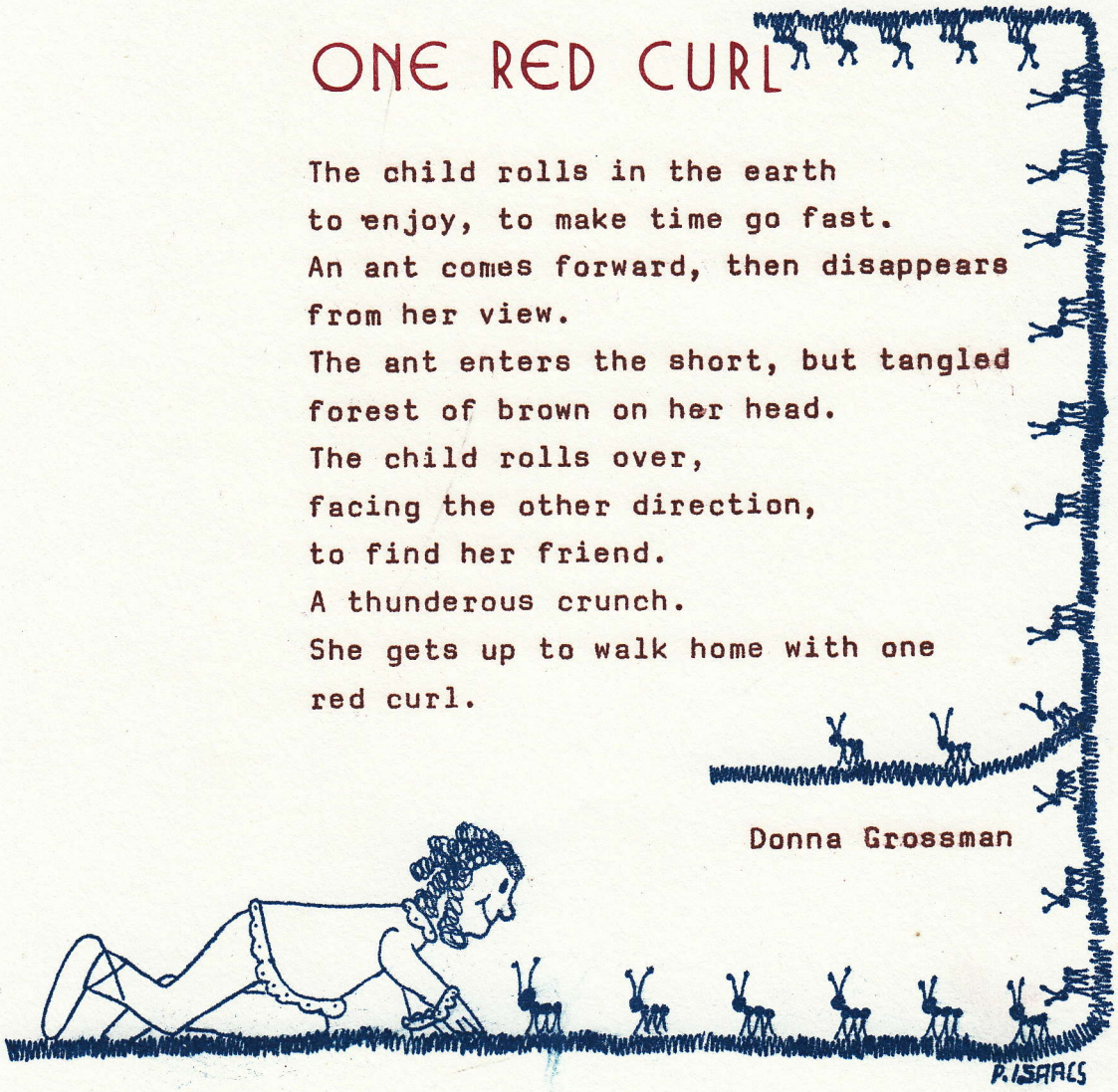
A woman once lost her only child
maybe she dropped him maybe he died
all night long she wept
the wind sighed
and his father slept.

Richard Colman

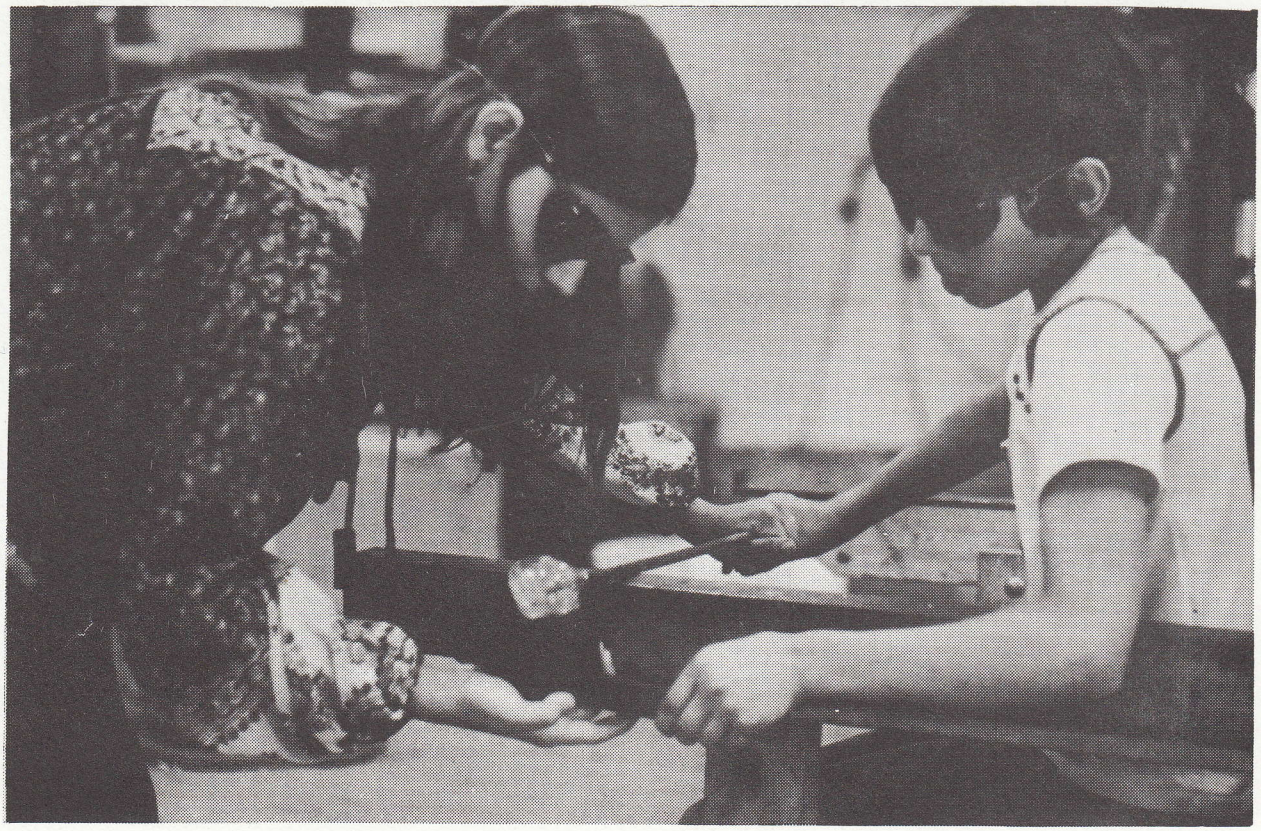
ONE RED CURL

The child rolls in the earth
to enjoy, to make time go fast.
An ant comes forward, then disappears
from her view.
The ant enters the short, but tangled
forest of brown on her head.
The child rolls over,
facing the other direction,
to find her friend.
A thunderous crunch.
She gets up to walk home with one
red curl.

Donna Grossman




Virginia
for



My heavy lids slowly open. Everyone is still asleep. Suddenly, I hear the piercing ring of the alarm. I roll out of bed and grope for my clothes in the darkness. My bunkmates groan as they begin to wake. I wash and wait for them to finish dressing. We are CITs preparing for another day of serving.

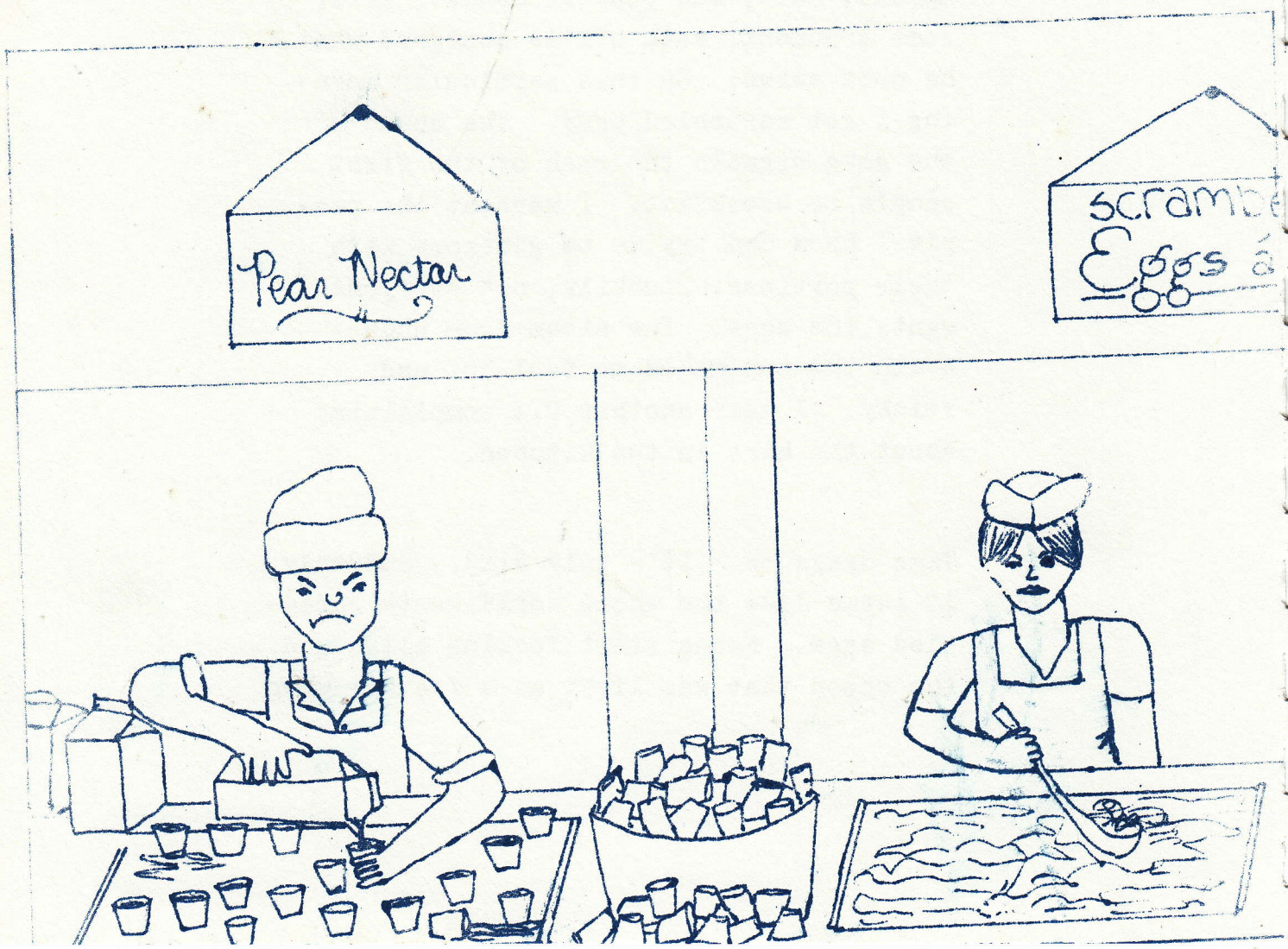
We stumble down to the dining hall. One question plagues our minds. Will we be able to eat breakfast before we serve? As it turns out, we have to wait until everyone else has been served.

When we enter the kitchen we are given aprons, hats, and plastic hands. After some argument, each CIT is assigned what he must serve. On this particular morning I get scrambled eggs. The sound of the gong signals the rush of the first people to breakfast. I wave at the people I know and try to be generous with their portions. Luckily, not everyone wants the eggs. The steam from underneath the pan makes me feel hot and sticky. I hear another CIT complaining about the heat in the kitchen.

Time drags on. It's only 8:23. Suddenly, it seems like the whole world wants scrambled eggs. Faces start looking alike and the spoon that was light as a feather when

I started now seems to be made of lead. The smile that was bright and cheery at 8:00 is now a plastered-on grin. I am no longer spooning the eggs on the plates, but dumping them. And, the people are still coming.

Kerry Brand



Dear Kitchen Staff,

We are writing this note simply to say that we thank you for doing a superior job in the kitchen. As far as the meals go, they've been better this year than they've ever been before. We think it very considerate of you to make equally good, if not better, meals for those who choose to be vegetarians.

Your decorative tuna fish is much appreciated by all of us and your corn on the cob and potato pancakes (latkes) are equal to good home cooking. Our exceeding thanks again.

P.R.D.J.L.A.

Pam Koffler
Robin Pogrebin
Bevvie Fortinsky
Joey Colbert
Lois Ettinger
Abby Pogrebin

P.S. If you care to reply it would be much appreciated. Simply slip it in the message center under P.

On the top of the note that is seen, write:

P.R.D.J.L.A.

So we know it's for us.

THANK YOU!

Dear P.R.D.J.L.A.

Thank you for your note. We were so touched by it that three of us had to ask for time off to dry our eyes. If you really enjoy the veggie dishes, why don't you tell or write Jose personally. They are the result of his effort and matchless abilities. (He does use matches to light the stove, however). It is nice to hear something other than

"Gimme more, I'm a growing boy (girl)" and "I'm not going to eat this *#!," for a change. Thank you again for your consideration.

Culinarily yours,

John Q. Kitchen Staff

Dear Kitchen Staff,

Thank you ever so much for your wonderful note. We, too, were touched by it. We were so excited when we received it! We understand your problems with loud mouth campers who are too big for their britches and whenever we see someone doing something like that, we will not hesitate to put our 2¢ in for your sake.

Camp is soon over and we will eat food that is cooked for 4 or 5 people, not a hundred times that amount! But we will miss that camp touch you put into your carefully prepared, yummy food.

Thanx again!

Sincelery
yours....P.R.D.J.L.A.

Dear Jose,

We would just like to say that the above note applies to you too; but we would like to add a little extra thanks for your matchless abilities on the scrumptious meals. You should cook for some of the finest restaurants in New York! Take care and have a good winter!

We sincerely hope to have you back next year.

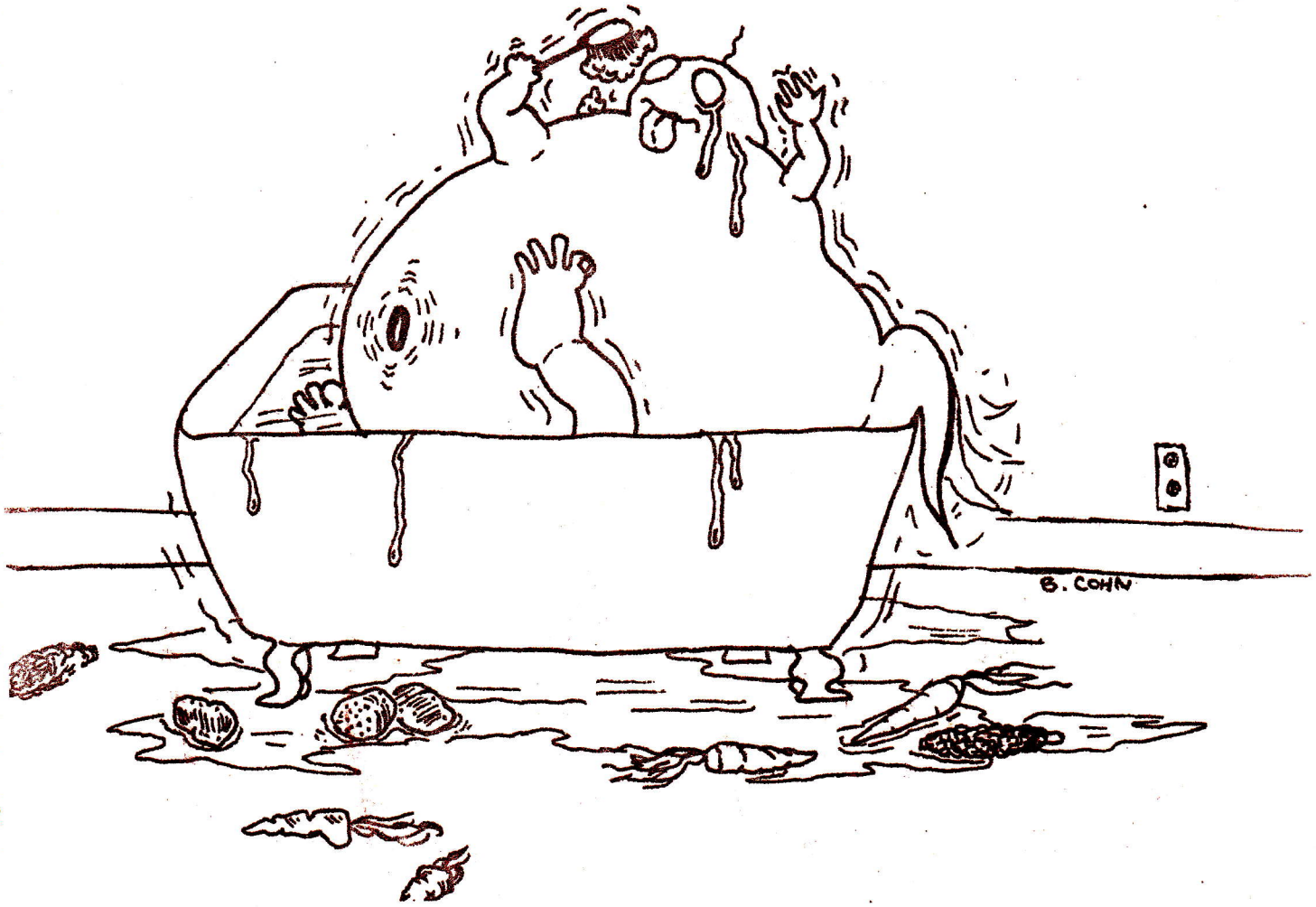
P.R.D.J.L.A.

The gorcer is a rounded lub;
I often find him in a tub,
Trying very hard to scrub
His hair.

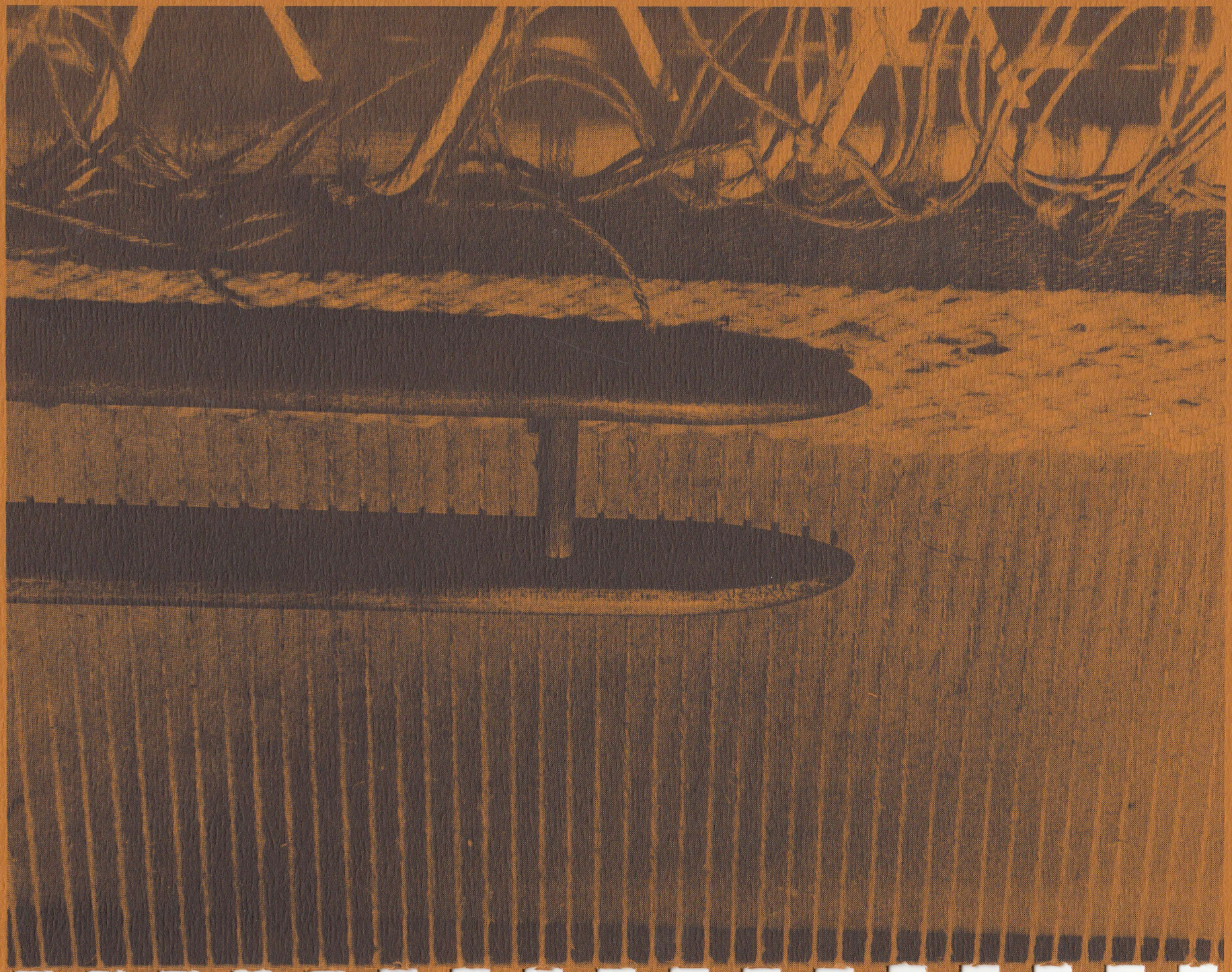
His uncle is named Maralyn;
His sister is named Carolyn,
And they keep vegetables in a bin
Together.

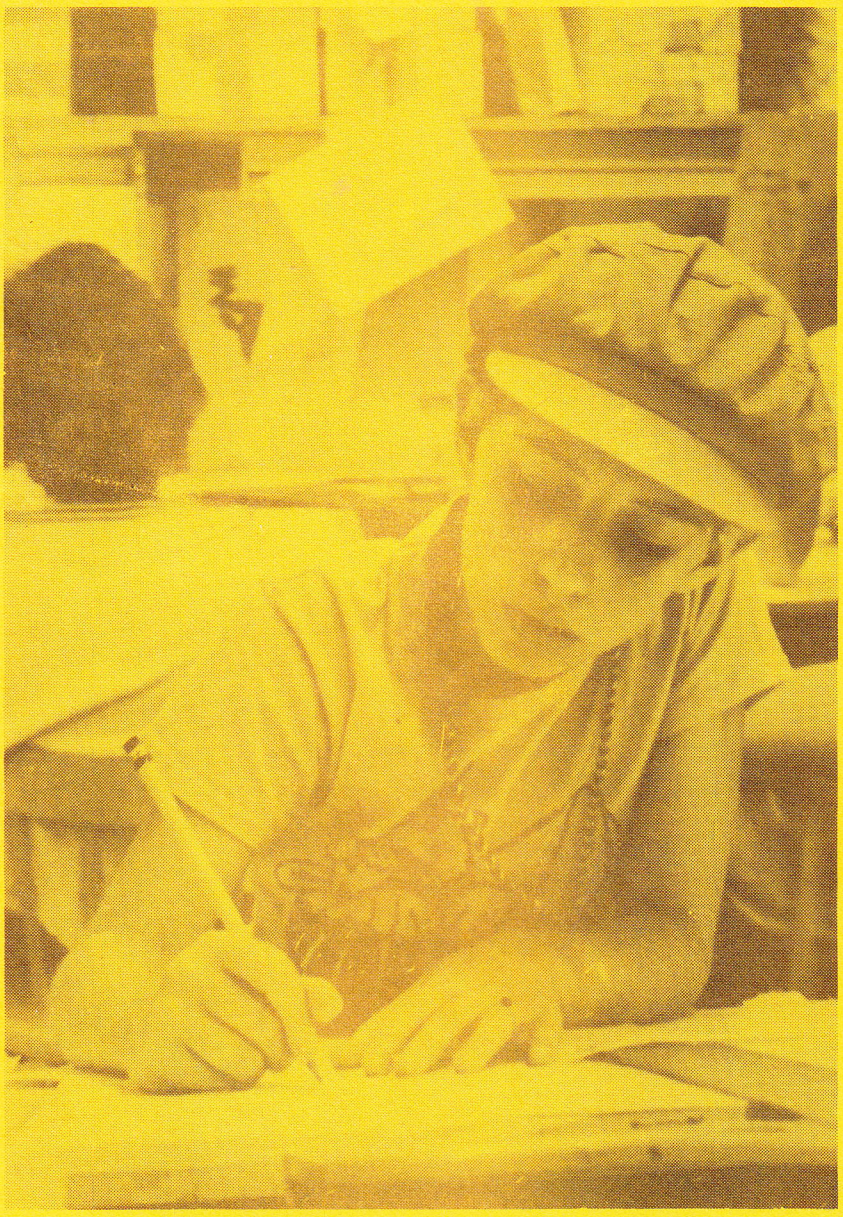
I met him at a party
Given by my father, Marty.
He sometimes really is a smarty:
Alas.

Andrew W. Solomon

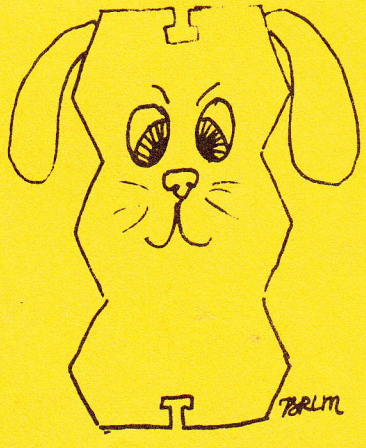


studio



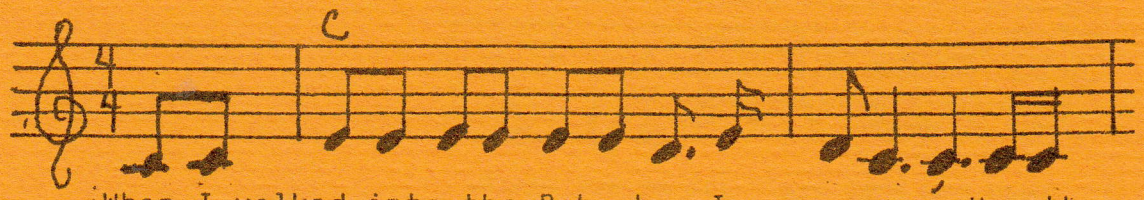


"What's the yearbook named today?
"Miiiiitch!"
"Yellow Snow."
"Who wants to do a run?"
The Mount Tom Flat
"Where's a pencil?"
Lynda's impromptu workshop
"You'll never find one."
"We need a new ribbon!"
"Miiitch!"
"More slipsheeters!"
"You left out a commo "
Letrasetting on humid days
"Grooosman!"
"Paste Ups!"
"Where's Mitch?!"
"Seals and what?"
"Lower the radio!"
"I'm going to Lou!"
"Turn it up!"
"How do you expect us to write?"
"Louder!"
"Where's the blade?"
"Write about what you know."
"Do you want to do another run?"
"Miiitch!"
"This is a cliche."
"Where's a C.I.T.?"
"Poetic with a capital "P"!"
"Do you have any paper here?"
"They lost my article."
"I have the Pub Shop Blues."
"Leslie!"

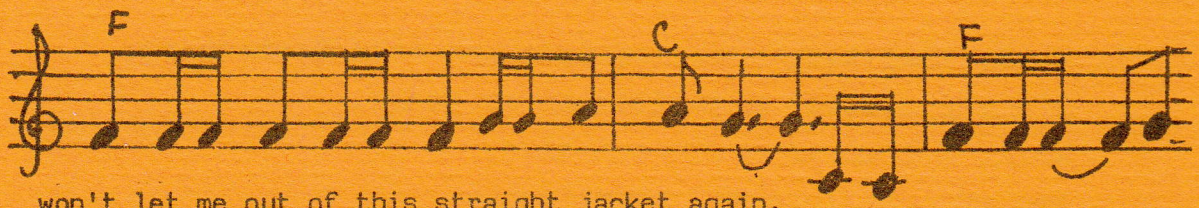


HAPPINESS IS A WARM PUBBY

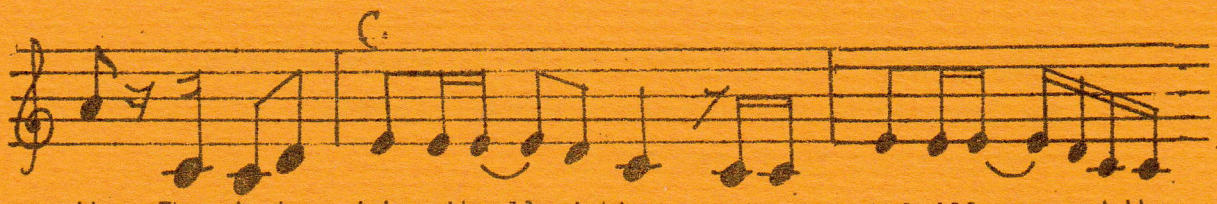
THE PUB SHOP BLUES



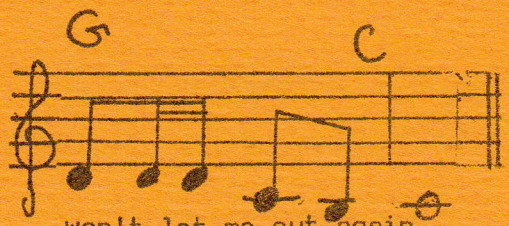
When I walked into the Pub shop I was sane, Now they



won't let me out of this straight jacket again, Well, I told them I could

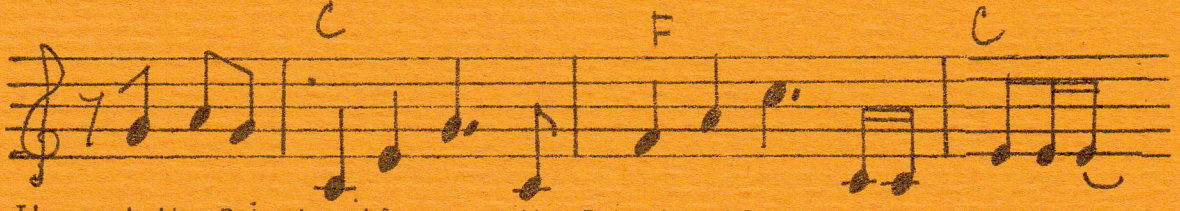


write, They had me doing it all night It's a mental illness and they



won't let me out again.

CHORUS



I've got the Pub shop blues, the Pub shop blues It's a mental ill-

ness and they won't let me out again.

2. Well, they taught me how to crank them Gestetners,
I'm a permanent arthritic in my teens.
Well, I cranked until colation,
And my arms lost all sensation,
It's a mental illness and they won't let me out again.

CHORUS

3. Well, once they introduced me to color change,
My love life got completely rearranged.
'Cause what is there to do,
When you are covered with Royal Blue,
It's a mental illness and they won't let me out again.

CHORUS

4. When I walked into the Pub shop, I was Babsy,
Before June 26th, my name was Sue.
But now we'll go insane,
Mitch only calls us by last name,
It's a mental illness and they won't let me out again.

CHORUS

5. Well, we went to get some sun and relaxation,
But a mile from camp, the bus got a flat.
Well, they arranged us in groups of tens,
And started handing out the pens,
It's a mental illness and they won't let me out again.

CHORUS

6. Well, we told them to give us at least three days notice,
But they crawl to us an hour before it's due.
Well, we tell them no can do,
And they say, "we're going to you know who,"
It's a mental illness and they won't let me out again.

CHORUS

(last verse, slowed, and sung with great emotion)

7. Well, I think I'd really like to go to dinner,
I think I'd like to go to the bathroom too.
But, how can I get away,
They're open twenty-four hours a day,
It's a mental illness and they won't let me out again.

CHORUS

Halpern, Shaw, and Silverman

A photograph
Kidnapper.
A capturing
Of beings, scenes, images of nature.
To be thrown to the scrapbook
And labeled a memory.

Robin Pogrebin

HAM RADIO

Before I came to Buck's Rock last year two of my friends interested me in ham radio. When I went to the interview at Lou and Sybil's apartment, I naturally was anxious to find out whether the camp had a Ham Radio Shop. Lou made the mistake of giving me a copy of the 1976 yearbook while he was talking. When I found the Ham Radio page, I didn't listen to another word he said. I knew I was going to spend a lot of my time at K1PGQ, the amateur radio station of Buck's Rock.

For those of you who are not aware of what ham radio is, it is a form of radio communication with another ham anywhere in the world. You can talk to him through Morse code, or by talking into a microphone. However, in order to do this you must get a license from the Federal Communications Commission. The most basic license is the Novice, which I earned here last year, which requires a little knowledge of the FCC's rules and regulations, electrical theory, and the ability to receive Morse code at the rate of 25 characters per minute. The Morse code is not really as difficult as some people believe and with the Novice license one must communicate with Morse code. This year, I am trying to get my General, the next highest license. To earn this, one needs to be able to receive Morse code at the rate of 65 characters per minute, know more of the rules and regulations, and understand more theory. For this extra work, one can operate on more frequencies, and talk directly to another ham or use Morse code. If I wanted to, and could afford it, I could communicate by slow-scan television. This is like normal TV, only

each frame takes eight seconds to transmit and receive.

There are three counselors at K1PGQ. Lee helps with Morse code, Henry with General theory, and Al with Novices-to-be. All three, as well as the CIT, Jonathan Giles, help campers with electronics. This year, we have communicated with hams from Danbury to Yugoslavia.

There is also an electronics section of the shop. In it, campers can build electrical devices from kits ordered from Heathkit. The most popular kit this year was a digital alarm clock. I ordered the first one, built the first one, and had the first non-working one. However, with the help of Henry, we found out what was wrong and got it to work. Another kit was a touch-control switch. This is a type of remote control, but it works with a wire and instead of pressing a button, one touches a small, round disc. A telephone amplifier and an AM radio were also built from kits.

This year we sent radiograms. A radiogram is a message sent to another person via ham radio. There are groups of amateurs, dedicated to passing along messages. They "meet" on the amateur bands and this is called a "net". Each member gives in messages he has to send and they are passed along the line until somebody within local range has it. He then calls up the person intended to receive the message, introduces himself as a representative of ham radio, and reads the message. In times of emergency, priority is given to crucial messages. This is one example of ham radio's public service. Radiograms are most frequently delivered by telephone or mail.

Next year, come in, look at our QSL cards confirming

our contacts from all over the world, and tell someone that you want to become a ham. Before you know it, you'll be one.

Seth Kulick

SILKSCREENS OR HOW TO END THE BLUES

I had, like any new camper on the first day of camp, the "New-Camper-At-Buck's-Rock-And-I-Don't-Know-Where-To-Begin-Blues." Fortunately, another girl in my bunk, Debbie, was new too. Together, we ventured into the renowned shop area of Buck's Rock. After wandering around for a while, we decided to go to the Silkscreen Shop. The allure of working in Sector "R" was strong; it sounded so important.

An idea, a drawing, a photo, those little figures you always doodle in eighth period history, can be silk-screens. Plan it out. What goes where, large or small, simplified or elaborated on? What color for the background, for this or that shape?

With a little help and encouragement, both Debbie and I got ideas for silkscreens. We learned the process, which involved forcing ink through a screen onto paper, cloth, or lucite. The printing was easy, but blocking out areas of the screen that you don't want to print was a little more difficult. Cleaning up a screen is enough to make you wish you had the blues again.

The casual, friendly atmosphere and people at the Silkscreen Shop makes even the most tedious things enjoyable. This also makes it easy to end the new camper blues, and by the way, having a few prints to bring home to your fourth aunt, twice removed on your mother's side by marriage, is great too!

Karen Deutsch

CAVING

As the summer comes to an end, we look back at our experiences. I know that my most memorable adventure this year was caving. Caving is a unique skill that requires total concentration. The caves we explored are in an old, abandoned quarry, located off Route 22 past Galylordsville. The leaders of the expedition were Mark Robbins and Kevin Lurie, Science Lab counselors.

One hot, muggy, Monday afternoon, we set out to explore the caves. It was ninety degrees outside, but once we were in the cave, it dropped to a low of sixty degrees. At the start of the expedition, I was frightened. My fears were soon gone when I lowered myself into the mouth of the cave. We went further and further into a large cavern, where we cut our lights and looked into an empty space. The four foot by two foot cavern we were in seemed like an unlit football stadium. I suddenly wondered why I was sitting in the dark sixty feet below ground, covered with mud. My thoughts were interrupted, and all I remember is crawling back out of the cave, staring at the sky, looking back and letting out a sigh of relief.

Eric Marketan

SPORTS SIDE

Many people do not realize that Buck's Rock is more than workshops. We have a well-developed sports program under the direction of Ira Weiss.

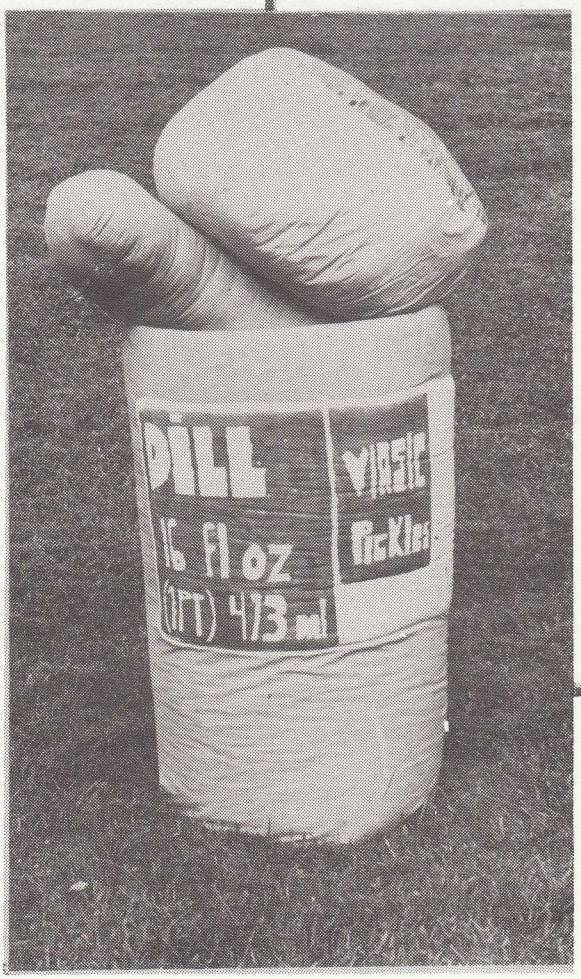
A very popular sport at Buck's Rock this year was softball. The Watermelon League consisted of campers, C.I.T.'s, and counselors. Ira realized that campers wanted their teams to win, but learning new skills and working together was more important. In addition to the Watermelon League, there were also Junior Varsity and Varsity softball teams which played intercamp games. The Junior Varsity team consisted of campers aged 12-13, while the Varsity team consisted of campers aged 14-15.

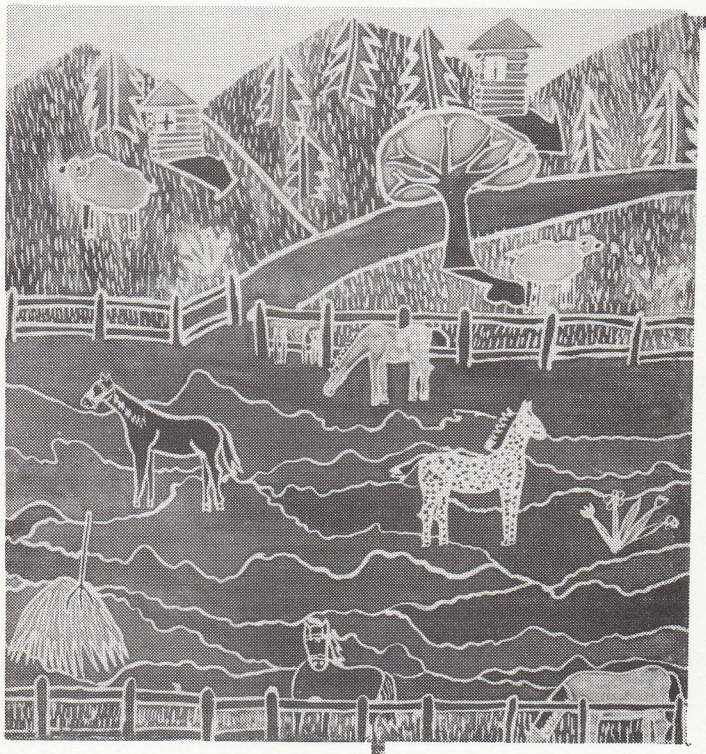
Soccer also attracted a large number of campers. Recreational soccer was played every evening and attracted those interested in playing for enjoyment and for relaxation. Every Sunday, all interested campers went into New Milford to play on Young's Field. Each trip was completed with a trip to Carvel. In addition to recreational soccer, inter-camp games have been very successful. Under the coaching of Stuart Horsburgh, the soccer team had a victorious season, winning five out of seven games.

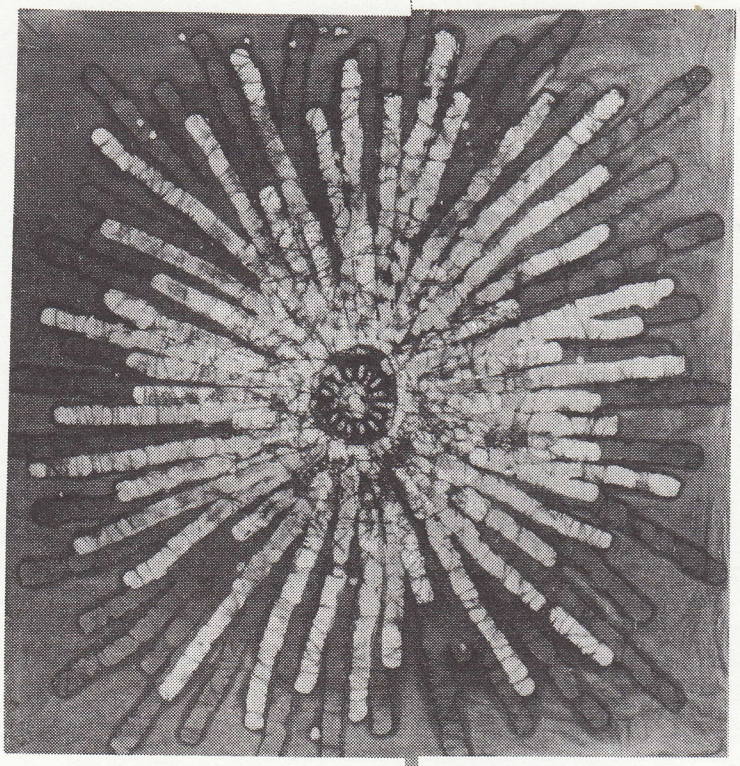
As in years past, tennis was a popular sport. There was a camp tennis team. Both girls and boys played matches against other camps. A camper-counselor mixed doubles tournament was featured this year.

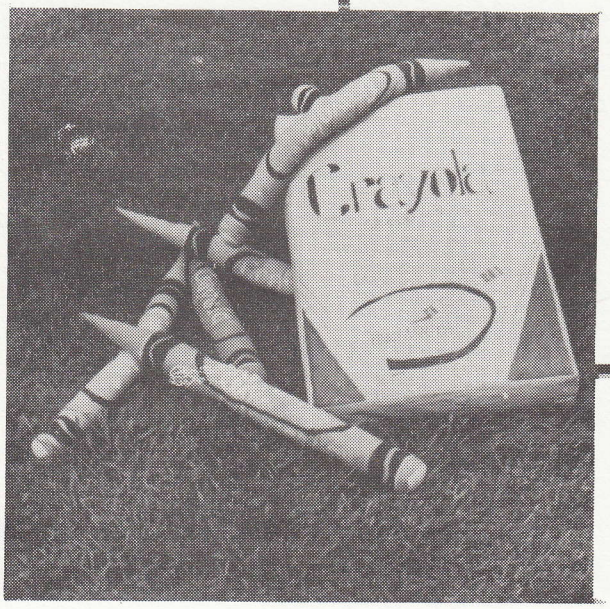
In addition to softball, soccer and tennis, volleyball became a favored early evening activity. While playing, campers learned different techniques from Larry Bortner and Ellen Perlman. An all-girls volleyball team played inter-camp games. Under Ellen's direction, the team came in second place in the Camp Kent Invitational Tournament. The varied sports program affords the campers an opportunity to experience a sport suited to their interests and their ability.

Kerry Brand


DILL
16 Fl oz
(1PT) 473 ml
VINESIC
PickLes






Parasol

SOUNDS OF DESIGN

"Wet your fabric."

"Use lemon yellow with the greens."

"Don't forget to clip your corners."

Splash, snip, rip, rustle, flashes of color, smiling faces, the smell of hot wax, the heat of the iron, is what your senses absorb as you work in the Fabric Design Shop.

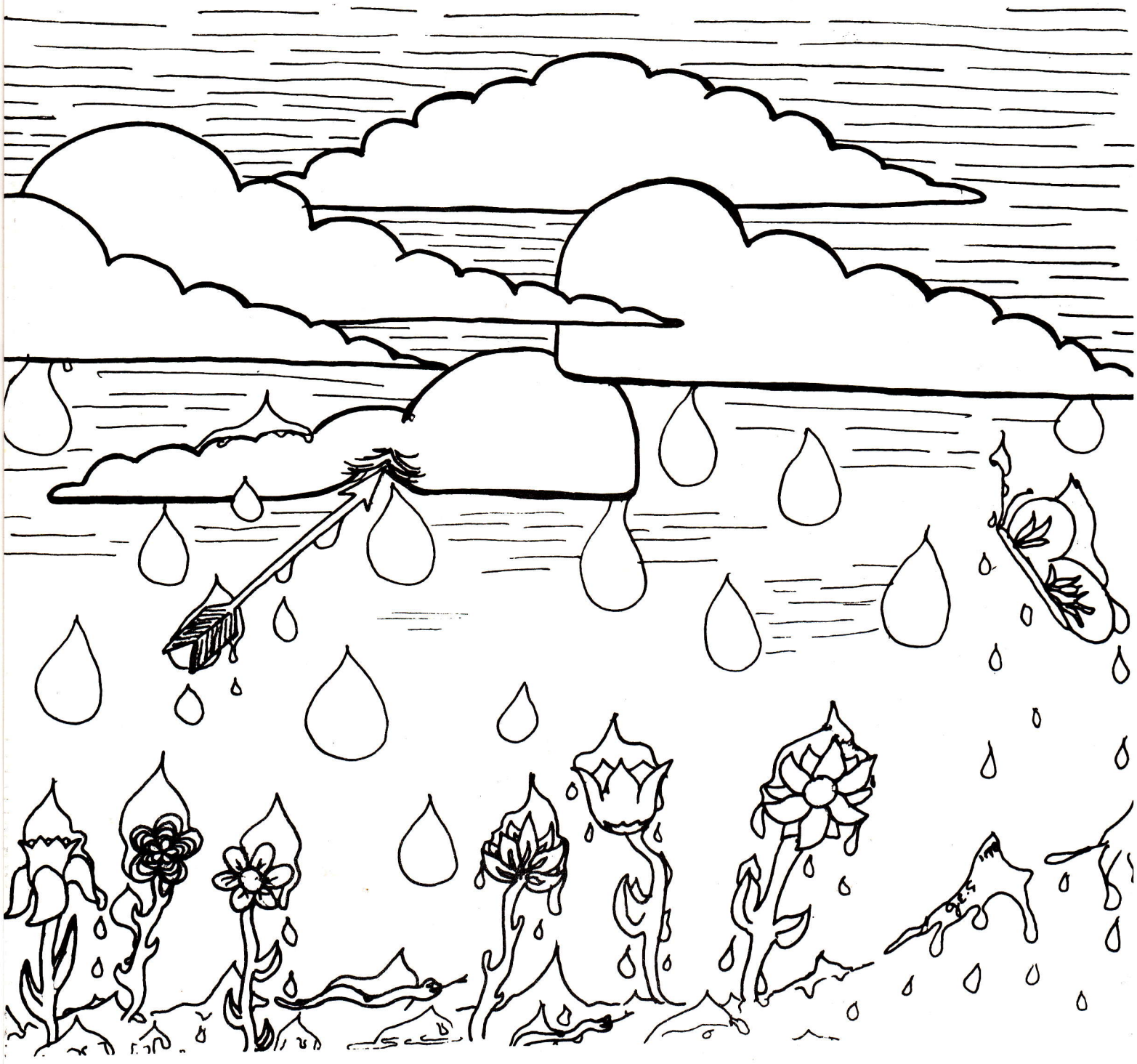
Many creations hover over you while you work in this shop. A giant tube oozes toothpaste, while a foot-long cube of gum lies on the table. A wrap skirt fans itself out to show off an intricate design. A sea horse swims on its canvas, as a partially finished butterfly takes shape. Native looking macrame wall hangings made of jute (a type of rope) wait for their creators to come back to complete them. This shop is one of the places where your imagination really rules all.

I talked to some of the counselors, Carol and Emily, about working at the shop. Emily said, "As a sensitive person, I like the aesthetics of the shop, the feel of the wax, the smell of natural cotton, and the sound of WBBC!"

Both counselors enjoy the relaxed, open atmosphere and the raw materials they use. Counselors gain confidence and friendships.

Carol said, "If teaching is what you want to do, there is no better place to do it than in Buck's Rock."

Lydia Zamm



AN ACTOR'S WORKSHOP

The Actor's Workshop is a group of people who work on various aspects of theater with an emphasis on method, rather than on performance. The Workshop changes as it comes under the direction of someone with a new philosophy. This year, Roberta Cantow incorporated many small working groups under the umbrella of Actor's Workshop. She created a secure, flexible environment where people could experiment without fear of making mistakes. People of all levels and interests participated. We worked one to one with her, but came together as a group to view and comment on each others work.

Our first production was a motley one, featuring clowns, improvisational scenes, and monologues. I did a monologue from Jean Anouilh's, The Lark. It was a portrait of Joan of Arc before her death. It was extremely frightening to act such a conflicting character. She was innocent, yet toughened by experience; pious, yet tragically dubious of God in the end. There were three voices in my section: young Joan, cynical Joan, and God. At first, I recited my lines like "You must pay the rent, I can't pay the rent, I'll pay the rent," but gradually the changes and voice differences did not seem incongruous. The night of the performance I wore comforting, cruddy work clothes and my father's shirt, and no glasses. When Joan looked heavenward, searchingly, I really felt for her. The monologue was written in two scenes. In the first, I was petrified and nearly forgot a line, but gradually, in the second I began to enjoy myself. I squinted

at the audience, and Joan worked herself out.

In the second performance I juggled two scenes: The Children's Hour by Lillian Hellman, and Antigone by Jean Anouilh. I did the Children's Hour with Cary Steinberg who is one of my dearest friends. I think that liking and knowing Cary made it a lot easier to hate and manipulate her in my role as the mean, calculating Mary Tilford. I thought about every irritating trait of Cary's and it became easier to slap her around. There are so many fragments of character in each person. I looked into myself and others to find the willfulness of Antigone, the strength of Joan, and the spite of Mary.

Rachel Eisler

MUPPETS, PUPPETS, FI GES, & RODS

Puppets of all sorts are created every afternoon by amateur puppeteers in the Upstairs Girls's House Lounge. Here, people are able to express themselves in paper mache and Sculpey, a kind of clay. This shop, though only recently opened, has become rather popular among the campers.

Erica Babad who runs the shop single handedly, has assisted campers in the production of three puppet shows and has guided campers in the creation of many original puppets. On Elizabethan Day, Erica was the court jester. The audience loved her improvisational skit with a puppet especially designed for the occasion.

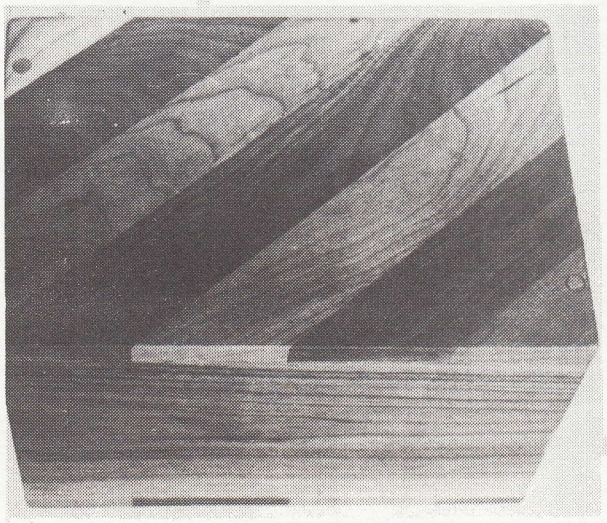
Many types of puppets have been created, including finger, hand or glove, and rod puppets, as well as muppets. Rod puppets are the most commonly made puppets in the shop, probably because they are easy to complete.

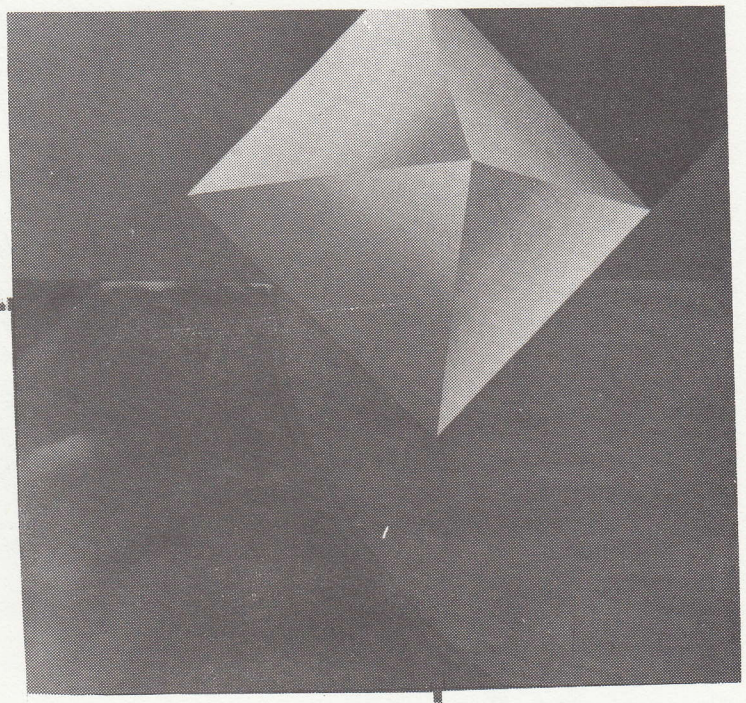
The difference between hand and rod puppets is relatively simple. The hand puppets are controlled by the movements of the fingers, whereas rod puppets are controlled by a rod connected to the hands, and glued to the back of the puppet. A muppet is more difficult because there is more sewing and planning involved. A trip to Danbury to get fur cloth and other materials is necessary.

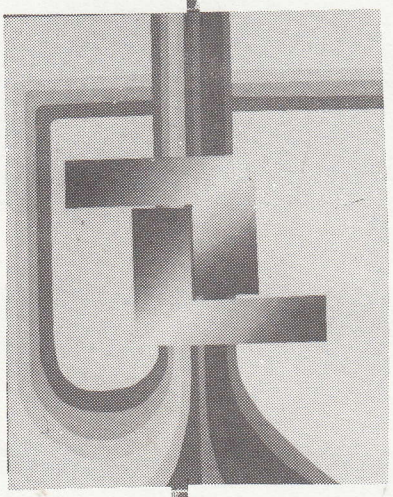
A finger puppet, however, is the easiest of all puppets, for many reasons. It does not require much planning, and, in fact, can be thought of as you go along. It also does not take as much sewing.

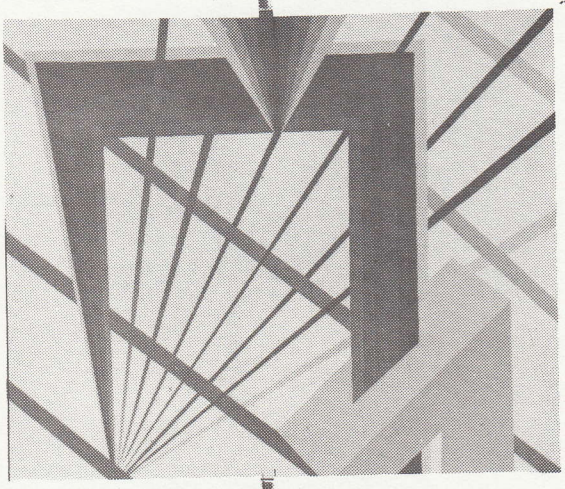
At the puppetry shop, it is both enjoyable and relaxing to sit and watch small creatures come to life.

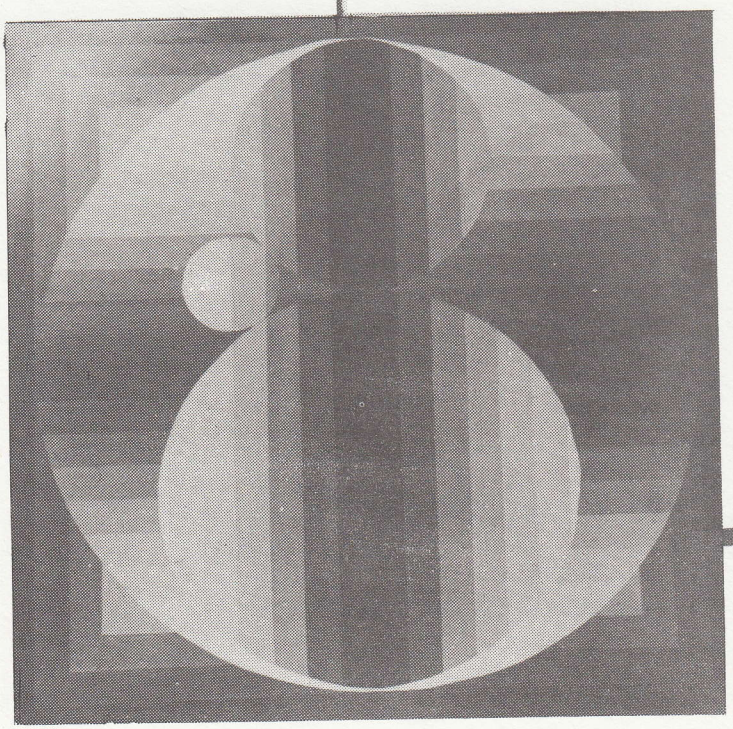
Anne Sherman
Julie Simon

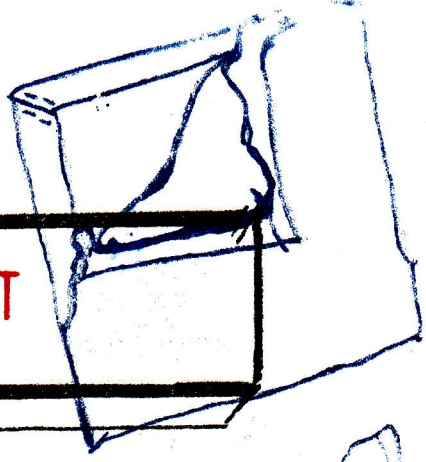












THE ART INTELLIGENCE TEST

there is more than one kind of "Buck's Rock Intelligence Test." Life does not begin and end with the rigorous exam that we take, three times a day to aid our digestion. Here, dear friends, is a second examination: the Buck's Rock Art Intelligence Test.

ACRYLIC WHITE

Questions are multiple choice. One, two, or all three answers may be correct. Then again, they may not!

* 1. The Art Shop boasts a myriad of stretcher sizes. We do <u>not</u>, however, carry:
   A. 24"s
   B. 25"s
   C. 26"s

2. Black and White make:
   A. Sea green
   B. Light Purple
   C. Grey

3. The tube of Acrylic White can usually be found:
   A. In the closet
   B. Beneath someone's palette
   C. Somewhere in Honolulu

4. The best way to mix paints is with a:
   A. brush
   B. Pallette knife
   C. CIT

5. Etching Plates are usually bitten by:
   A. Campers, in disgust

* Batik and Weaving groupies, take note!

ges. '78

B. Nitric Acid Solution

C. Bug Juice

6. One of our counsellors is

A. Toto

B. Jim Dupree

C: The Wiz

7. The best way to appease an enraged counsellor is with a

A. Smile

B. Promise to help clean up

C. Dunkin' Donut

8. The Art Shop theme song is

A."Colors of the Day" (Judy Collins)

B."Miss You" (Rolling Stones)

C."Yellow Submarine" (Beatles)

9. The Poster Shop is

A. an appendage of the Art Shop

B. a sub-division of the Art Shop

C. Who knows? Only Anita, for sure.

10. The edges of a plate are properly filed down when

A. 35 minutes of hard labor have elapsed

B. a gerbil, resting on the side, doesn't cut itself

C. the camper gives up.

And now to grade yourself

1. For the five hundredth time this year, the Art Shop Staff announces that the factory <u>does</u> <u>not</u> <u>make</u> 26" stretchers! Nor does it make odd numbered sizes. Answers B and C are therefore correct.

2. They make grey- but one camper didn't know this

All three are, or would seem to be, correct. One thing for sure--it's never where anyone can find it.

4. The answer is B. If one more person tells a CIT to mix their paints for them, we'll strike.

5. Once again, B. "Bitten" signifies etched into-so if we had Bug Juice this year I'd bet it could do it.

6. Jim Dupree is the Wiz! Dancers, you were right. B and C

7. Definitely, a Dunkin Donut. They don't mind the other two, of course, but a donut works everytime. And if you feel like being generous, don't forget the CITs...

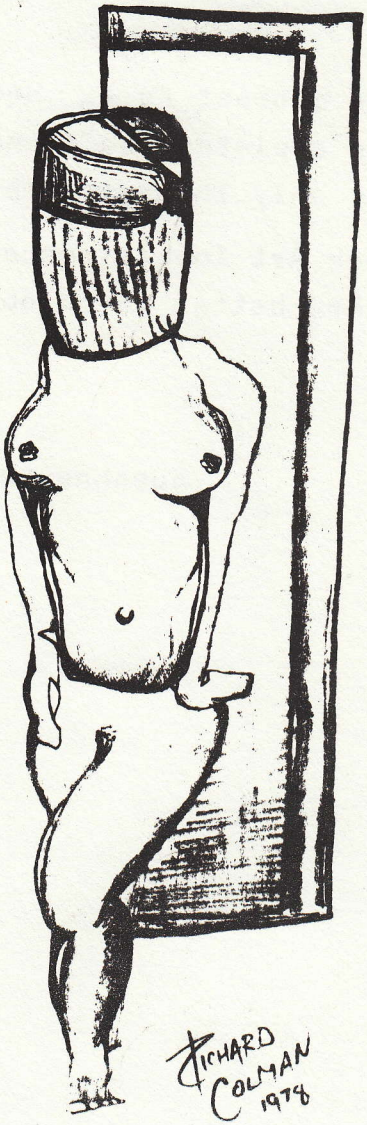
8. It's "Miss You ," letter B. Why, I don't know--but we chose it in June.

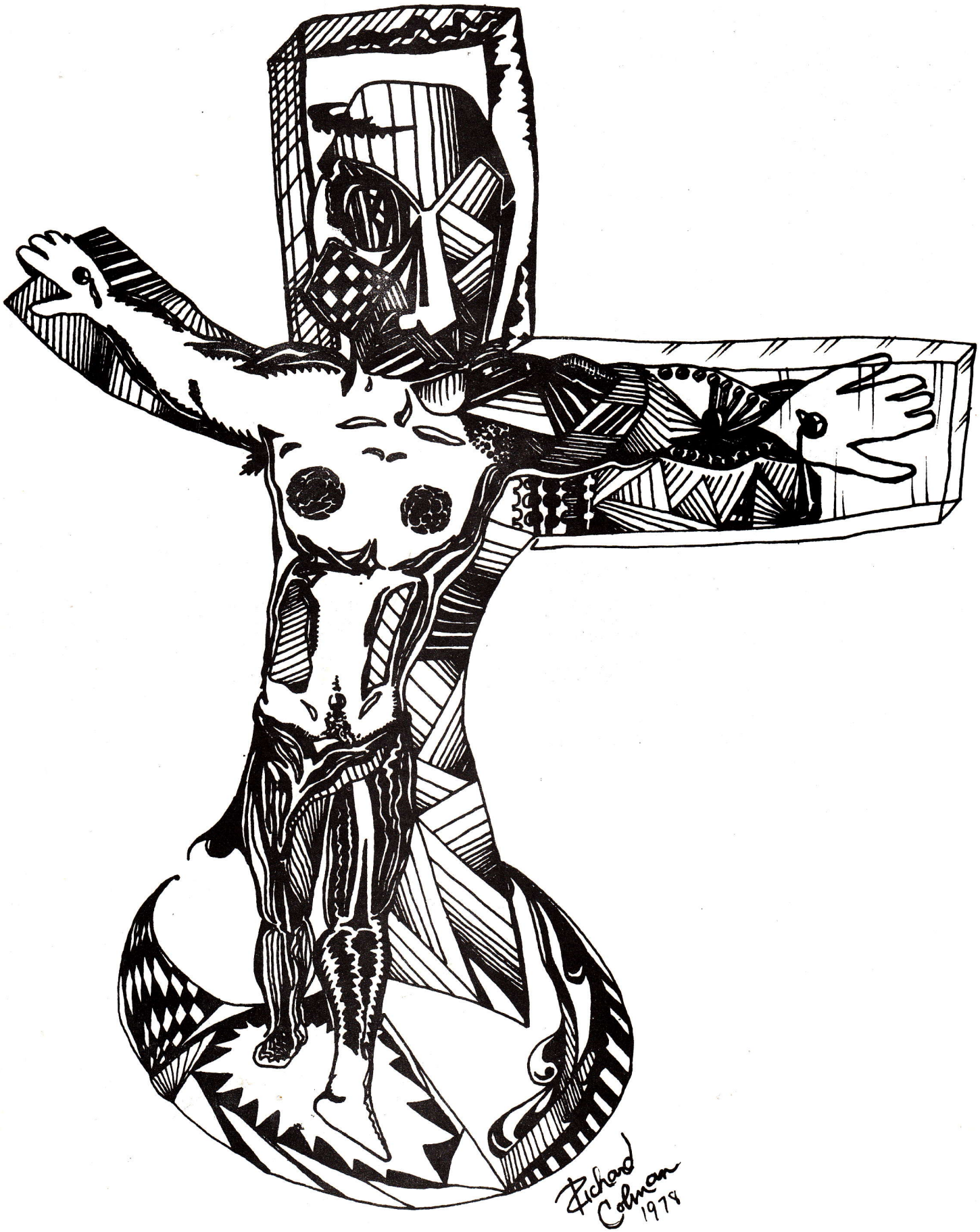
9. C, definitely

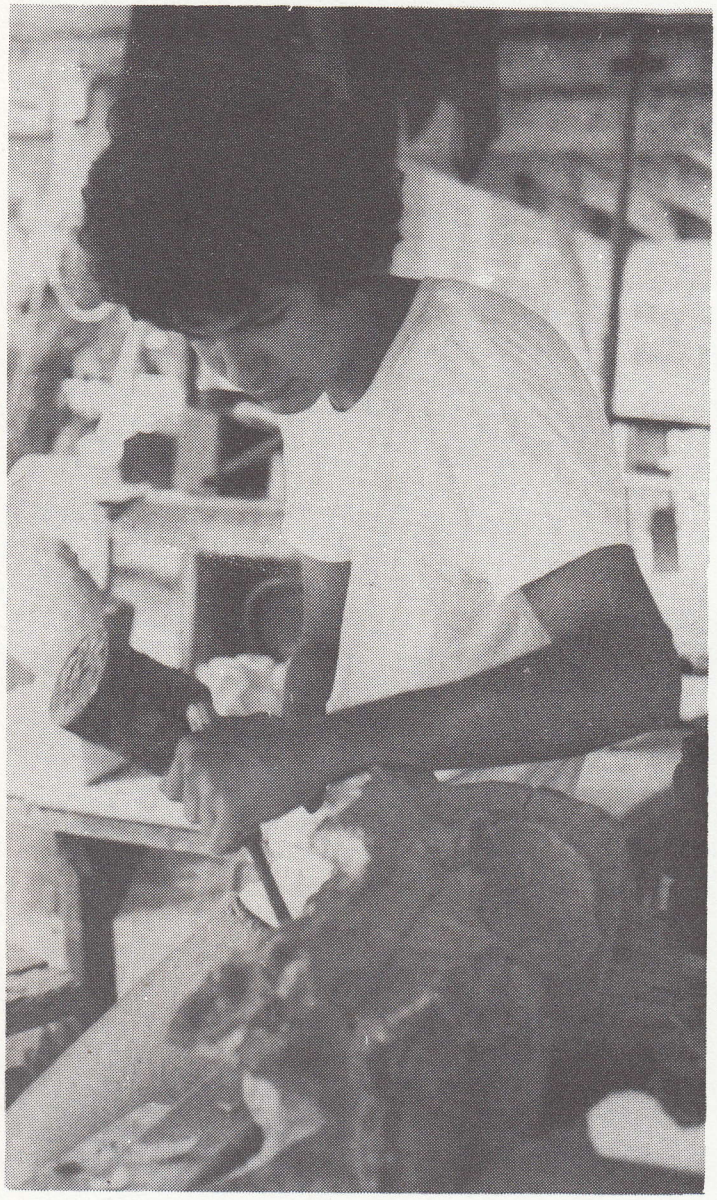
10. Supposedly, the answer is closest to A. However, if you've ever watched someone file a plate, you'd know its C. But since fact doesn't count, only theory, it's A.

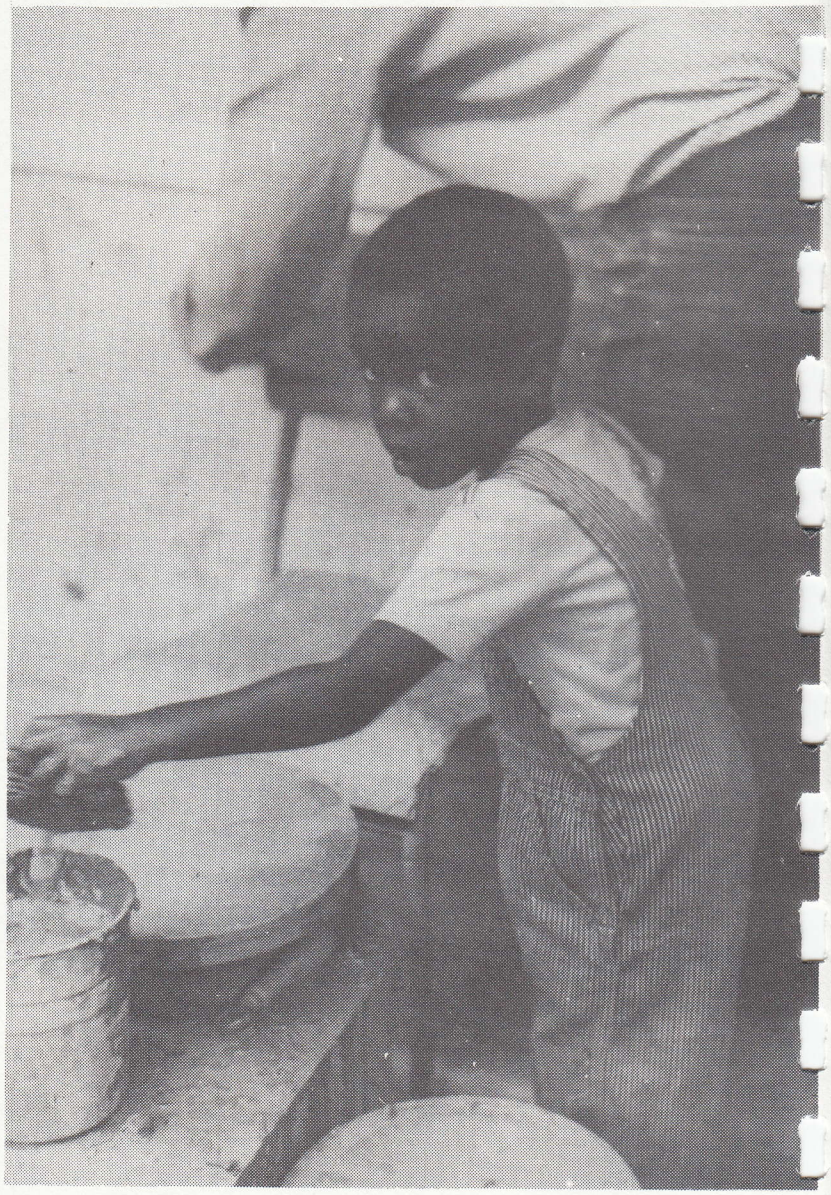
This has been the Buck's Rock Art Intelligence Test. Those who did spectacularly well had better watch out--next year, you may have my job.

Susanne Le Corbeiller, CIT


RICHARD
COLMAN
1978


Richard
Colman
1978





SCULPTURE

On a typical day at the Sculpture Shop, there are many things going on at once. In one corner of the Shop, a person sits, vigorously chiseling away at a plaster block, white chips flying as he works. In another corner, someone else welds two pieces of metal together. The counselors run frantically as a few too many campers plead for help.

In plaster, you can make molds of people's faces and limbs. This is done by applying Vaseline to the places being cast and then placing plaster on the area. If a face is being plastered, straws are put in the mouth and cotton in the nose so that the subject can breathe.

Wood is another material that can be used in the Sculpture Shop. Wood is more difficult than plaster to chisel, and to define a form. The hammering sound of wood being chipped away can often be heard.

Metal is another popular area. The metal is heated by using one of two welding methods: torch welding and arc welding. Torch welding uses an oxyacetyline torch to weld and cut apart pieces of metal. Arc welding uses an arc of high voltage electricity to create the great amount of heat necessary to fuse two pieces of metal. Blacksmithing is another field of metalwork. Blacksmithing involves heating metal to temperatures at which they are malleable enough to be hammered into desired shapes. People have forged dragons, candle holders and pokers. Though metal is hard to work with, you can make original, professional looking pieces well worth the effort.

Mike and Sabrina dance around the shop whenever there is a jazz show on WBBC, and Joel and Dave giggle throughout the day. Although there is always noise, dancing, singing, screaming, and laughing in the shop, a great amount of work is done.

Jessica Mayer

THE W.B.B.C. ENGINEER

As I sit here in the WBBC engineering booth, headphones on my head, controls in one hand, and "cue" finger raised in the air, I think back on how I first became interested in engineering. Last summer was my first at Buck's Rock, and, like most newcomers, I wanted to investigate every shop and see what was going on. When I first visited WBBC, "the radio voice of Buck's Rock located high atop the rainbow area in sector 'R' of Buck's Rock," I found that people up there were interested in announcing a show, rather than engineering one. What originally attracted me to WBBC was engineering, so two days following my visit, I took the required test, and became an engineer. I spent the greater part of my time last summer engineering and broadcasting music programs and the news.

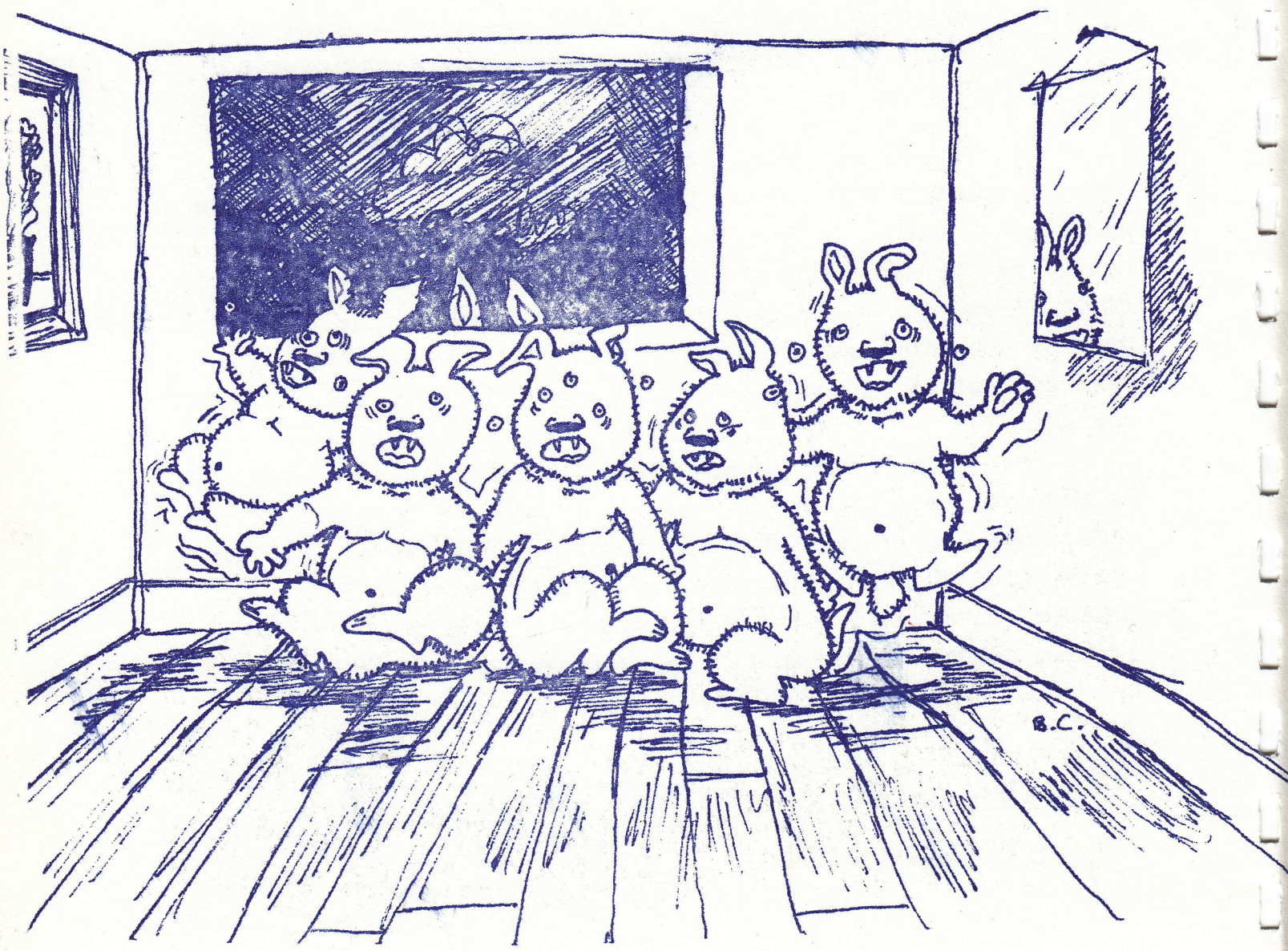
There was no doubt in my mind as to where I would spend my summer this year. I applied for a C. I. T. position and was accepted. I was able to broadcast music shows, the news, and the new "Good Morning, Buck's Rock" talk show. At first, I was quite nervous when I began broadcasting again. Several questions ran through my mind. Would I cue the record correctly? Would I cue it on time? Would I cue the d.j. correctly?

Engineering is more than turning records on and off. It involves several techniques: 1)the ability to cue a record, that is, to find where it begins; 2)the ability to give and receive cues from the d.j. (disc jockey); and 3)the coordination involved in all. Engineering a program gives one a certain amount of responsibility. It is the engineer who

plays the records, works the control board, and fades the d.j. in and out.

While the person behind the microphone is heard by the public, it is the engineer, behind the scenes, that controls the program and keeps it running smoothly. The engineer is the ally of the listening audience, for it is he or she who regulates programming.

Carolyn Weissbach



The Glass Menagerie

by Mary Trokel and
Jeff Remson

Hi! We're here to tell you all about Buck's Rock's Famous and Fabulous glass shop. As you may or may not know, this crystal palace has greatly expanded over the years, mostly because the old shop fell apart (as our resident expert informs us.) Now the ever-popular shop includes stained glass[1] as well as the traditional glassblowing. Eager and experienced counselors, C.I.Ts and one J.C. willingly guide future glass blowers to their ultimate goal – the perfect piece[2]. This ultimate goal is rarely reached, but the watchful eye notices improvement week by week.

Glassblowing can be seen as an intense, religious ritual. Masses of bright-eyed campers make their annual pilgrimage to this institution of edification. Many turn away in disgust at the initiation rite of "Signing up with Matt" (somewhat reminiscent of the Aboriaine Mwabi dance[3].) However, the more determined and far-sighted persevere and can then proceed to the next stage of enlightenment: at the alotted time, the willing convert is greeted by the warm smile of our mystic leader, Karyn, and the gentle ways of her disciple, Mike Benzer of the flowing locks. After these preliminary salutations have been concluded, our illustrious leaders then proceed to dump the unsuspecting prospective glass blower on

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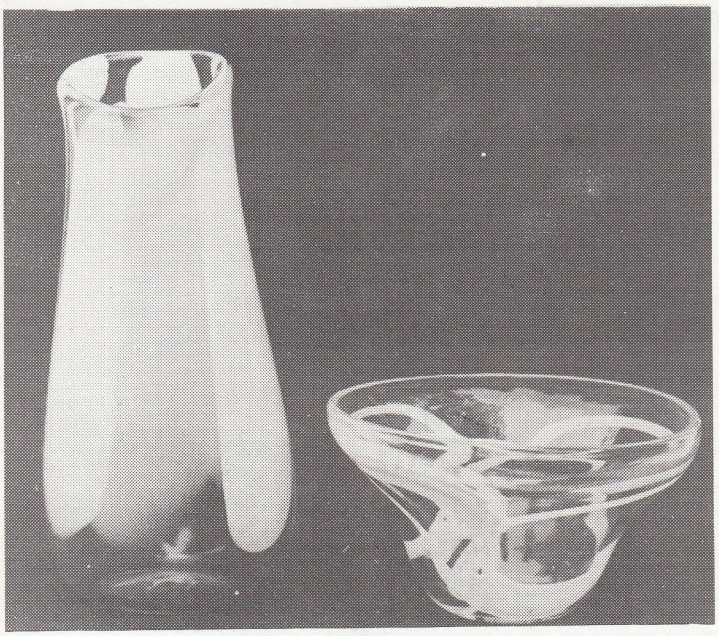
1. We're not sure exactly how this works, but it involves cutting up fingers and getting flux in your hair.
2. This is an abstract idea, not to be confused with any concrete reality.
3. This consists of jumping up and down in place and screaming "I haven't blown in 3 weeks!"

the unwilling and sometimes violent C.I.Ts. They are then taught the venerated ways of the gather, marver, blocks, jacks and punty[4]. Then they are sent out into the vast and cruel world with a new-found knowledge of life and the American way.



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4. Technical terms revealed only to followers of the Faith.